

volume 48 number 4 • Wednesday 8 May, 1996

**blue stocking week 1996**

GUINNESS & CIDER ON TAP, LIVE MUSIC,  
PUB PRICES

**unibar**

8 POOL TABLES, BEER GARDEN, JUKE BOX,  
SECURITY



THU 9 MAY

anu  
free

with  
**JAZZ N JUGS** Gruuve

FRI 10 MAY

+ Swim  
+ Half Mungrel

**Crumpet**

SAT 11 MAY

**Dog Arm**

+ Jabba  
+ Mongrel Patrol  
+ Toilet The Movement

THU 16 MAY

with  
**Henry's Anger**

**Insurge**

FRI 17 MAY

**WAYWARD**

SAT 18 MAY

+ Big Heavy Stuff  
+ Velvetten + DB

**Powderfinger**

TUE 21 MAY

with  
hammonds

**Blink 182**

(U.S.A. Punk Band)

THU 23 MAY ANU Bar Student Night

**Renegade Funk Train**  
+ Elephunk

ANU  
\$5

FM 104.7

FRI 24 MAY

**P Harness** [E.P. launch]

+ Hammonds [E.P. launch] with Baterz

FRI 31 MAY

**BIRDSEED**

FRI 7 JUNE

**The Whitlams**

SAT 8 MAY

with

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WED 12 JUNE

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Middys  
- \$1.30

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Jugs  
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**STARTS**

**Mon 6 May**



# woroni contents

volume 48 • no 4 • may 1996

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transfusion, Women's  
Officers, the drug  
dealers in the Uni Bar  
on Saturday night, Alien  
Sex Fiend for musical  
inspiration and fashion  
advice.

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the opinions expressed  
in woroni are not  
necessarily those of the  
editors, students'  
association or even of  
the contributors.

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A great loss to the student journalism community - Lot's Wife of Monash University murdered in cold blood by VSU



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Not just a fashion statement, blue stockings once represented the 'coming out' of educated women. This year focuses on women in education and the workforce

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Just when you thought it was safe to celebrate celibacy, along comes the exclusive Woroni special on sex toys and other tantalising tools. So put down that book and grab some batteries; this is one article the intrepid thrill seeker cannot afford to miss!



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# Letters

uvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy

## Egg Sucking Dogs!

*To the trencherous, fascist scum who publish Woroni,*

Beware insignificant university toads, you have crossed me and I am going to kick the living shit out of you all for it. The source of my disturbance is your wannabe-gonzo 'Christ', and his supposedly kick-ass treatment of Andy Cassell during his Birdseed interview last issue. Your 'Christ' ripped me off! He stole my vocabulary, my phrase book, even my style, and he will pay. He may be your Messiah, but he's my Judas. He's a Country Road-wearing, no-neck yuppie who sits at home sipping Perrier and munching on water crackers while he copies from my catalogue. Drug use? The guy wouldn't know a pellet of mescaline from a tic tac. Violence? He thinks a Gerber Mini-Magnum is a fucking gun! As for you editors for publishing this shameless plagiarism - you're a bunch of Nixon-loving lightweight punks, and you'd better watch your backs. My friend Raoul Duke is sending his Attorney over to deal with your transgression, and believe me he's going to be very pissed... and freaked... and hallucinating... and if you don't know what that means, let me spell it out - P.A.I.N. He's got your address and he's coming for your scalps, so start getting shit-scared!

Yours in revenge,  
Hunter S. Thompson  
Woody Creek, Colorado.

## McDonalds: the other side

Dear Woroni,  
In regards to your article "What's Wrong With McDonald's?" written by Helen Drew, I would like to clarify the argument and bring to your attention a few other points.

• THIS LAWSUIT IS AGAINST McDONALDS BRITAIN, NOT McDONALDS AUSTRALIA.

• McDonalds Australia is an independent organisation, separate from that of the United States and Britain.

• McDonalds Australia purchases its beef from suppliers running cattle only in Australia.

• Each eatable product sold at a Macdonalds is listed in a pamphlet, available at all Australian stores,

which details all nutritional information.

• McDonalds sanitary practises are unmatched by any other chain of fast food stores.

• Youth are definitely not exploited at Australian McDonalds stores. Each employee is paid in accordance with the governments award wage scheme and employees are also offered pay incentives with working performance. Also, each employee in the ACT is offered to join a union as part of the initial employment enrolment process. This choice is entirely up to the individual. McDonalds also provides a working environment for usually more than 80 to 100 working casual young staff. These casual staff range from school to university students. McDonalds is usually their only source of income, ESPECIALLY FOR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

So unless you can find other jobs which enable students to work around their University timetables and support themselves while they study at University, I suggest that your writers do a little research and state that this case is against McDonalds Britain, and not McDonalds Australia. Remember, if profits drop from these stores, then employees are scarified, with the oldest ones going first...

J. Stracey

## Call for Cocktail Cabinet in Library

Dear Editor,  
A truly interesting section in the last issue of Woroni was the "Old and Decrepit" article on the "new library". While this articles raised several burning issues, the one that

"If there is not a cocktail cabinet in the Chifley library there certainly should be"

most interested me was the possibility that the Chifley library common room might contain a cocktail cabinet. I have never seen the library staff noticeably pissed, and I cannot help but wonder what would occur if the librarians resorted to liquid refreshment slightly more regularly.

Firstly, I have an idea that the staff might be more friendly. In this context, I must admit that the only time I have talked to library staff in

depth is when I tried to escape being fined for an overdue book. My hope is that, having consumed copious amounts of alcohol, the staff would remain fast asleep and allow me to enter the return of the book on the computer myself. This would be a much friendlier reception than the cold stare which currently faces the student who has unreasonably been threatened with a fine.

Secondly, I have an idea that the general service would not be significantly affected by the fact that the librarians were enjoying themselves. Books are never on the shelf where they should be. Even if they are on the right shelf that shelf is impossible to find. While this is not necessarily the librarians fault, the biggest problem of all is that the books found within Chifley library are really boring and never contain exactly what you need to complete your essay. Could things really be worse than they already are? Librarians should lighten up and have a good time. If there is not a cocktail cabinet in the Chifley library there certainly should be.

Simone Warterhaine

## Woroni — last edition a shocker

Dear Editor,  
Over the last two years I have really enjoyed the occasional issues of Woroni. I have kept each issue over this period and I treasure them greatly. My collection has however been irrevocably affected by the appearance of the last issue of Woroni. I am afraid to admit that I felt that it was your worst ever issue and that the humour of the pages and their relevance to the common student had greatly diminished.

The reasons for my views become immediately apparent on the first major page of the issue where we see the letters column. I was absolutely disgusted to see that the *only* letters published were about politics, and of that nearly half were about student politics! I mean honestly, either students need to get a life and start to concentrate upon the more important issues of our life here at uni or the letter editor of Woroni should be sacked.

I was also sad to see that the rest

of the issue also lacked the prominent brightness, humour and enthusiasm that I had come to expect of Woroni's work. Please concentrate on some of the more important aspects of a student's life in future.

Stewart Dent

*(Woroni has a policy of publishing every letter received. It is not possible, nor is it ethical for us to alter the content of those letters. I trust you will enjoy this edition more than last. If not, get off your whingeing arse and write something decent yourself. Eds)*

## Undergraduate sex in the 1930's

Dear Woroni,  
My grandma went to university. I get the feeling she was a bit of a babe during those days. Although a babe in the 30's was probably a little more narrowly connoted than today. In fact I think *look don't touch — sugar and spice and all things nice ethics*. ruled supreme, but good girls were still in varying extremes. At least my grandma was never a coined a "blue stocking". According to her that derogatory term was left to the female nerds at University — for those females who had either preferred to be studious over sexual, or had been simply void of sex appeal altogether, having no choice in being confined to their studies. However the undergrad/ under the blanket side of university life did exist in theory...

"I was 16 when I enrolled in Arts at Sydney University. Despite the fact that I had five brothers I was completely innocent (or ignorant) in sexual matters and the boys I had partnered socially were no better informed. It was not long before this became painfully apparent to one of my platonc male friends. He organised for my theoretical education in the sexual field by borrowing personally the 12 volumes of Hanelock Ellis' "Psychology of sex", volume by volume, from Fisher Library to save me the embarrassment of fronting up myself. Then all was revealed.

The ratio of males to females at the University at that time was

about 10:1. A lively young Miss with pleasant looks had no lack of invitations- sometimes seven different beaux in a week! There was very little pairing off and practically no long term relationships. Balls were very popular social occasions and typically pairs went in parties of 10-30. The accepted etiquette was to dance the first and last dances with your partner but circulate for the other dances. Your partner always escorted you home, usually on public transport as cars were only for the really wealthy. "Good Night" was a fraternal peck on the cheek at the front gate.

How did couples restrain themselves? Well couples indulged in "petting" but in the main, nothing more passionate. I can only remember two occasions on which I had to 'defend my honour' and both were older guys, not university students, and both Americans temporarily in Australia. Perhaps the following factors mitigated against further indulgence:-

- The mores of the day
- Being raised with strict church teachings
- Contraceptives difficult to obtain and ignorance in the use of them.

- Very few young students owned cars, and most still lived with the family.

- Fear of pregnancy

For women the threat of pregnancy was horrific- an unmarried mother was outcast, even shunned by her own family and the stigma remained with her all her life.

"There were undoubtedly a few women who slept around. These were viewed as amateur prostitutes and were not socially acceptable"

Abortions were prohibitively expensive, mostly performed very secretly by untrained personnel with fatal consequences for many patients.

There were undoubtedly a few women who slept around. These were viewed as amateur prostitutes and were not socially acceptable. Many young women went to the altar as virgins, many others went into engagement as virgins but developed monogomous sexual relationships with their fiances. Undergraduate sex? There was very little of it in the 1930's."

Undergraduate sex in the 90's? A definite abundance. But there is still a social stigma attached to the women involved in this abundance. Which is completely unacceptable. Especially when quantity doesn't always mean quality — if it did maybe lustful women wouldn't mind still being frowned upon sixty years later.

Joan Jenkins and Larissa Shihoff.

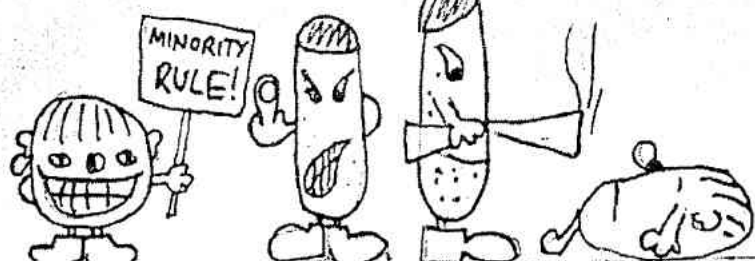
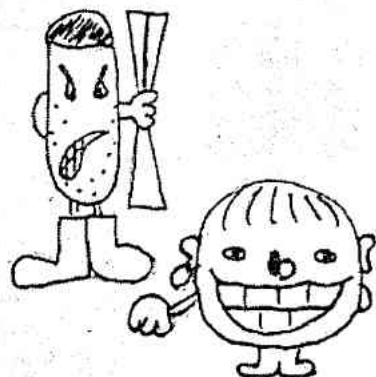
## Mr Bad-Arse Meets Mr Politically Correct

by Bren and Dan

Mr P.C. was a green, homosexual, Tasmanian, vegetarian who was into crystals and aromatherapy

Mr PC was preaching his word to the real Mr Men "up the minority fuck the majority"

Mr Bad Arse thought he was full of shit so he shot him!!





## Plea for Dry Campus

Dear Editor,  
I am now a second year student at ANU, although in this case I use the term student very loosely. In my first year I found that I was socially very under prepared for the atmosphere of university life and was totally shattered by O-week. Before my first day at university I had never had a drink of alcohol in my life and I eventually spent most of my first term at ANU throwing up. Due to the influence of alcohol in my life I attended very few lectures and missed all of my tutorials but I found myself physically unable to avoid the bottle. My doctor has since told me that it's a genetic weakness and there are some chemicals that are missing from my brain that enable me to resist the affects of alcohol. Ultimately I spent the second half of last year in and out of counselling and doctors, and I totally failed first year. I am lucky enough to have another chance to redeem myself this year but I wish that there were more options for my type to avoid the drink in university.

It has been shown that too much drinking reduces mental ability, and increases unrest. I have been at the uni bar on several occasions after midnight and almost been brained by thrown bottles and glasses, the amount of broken glass on Uni Ave. can sometimes be dangerous.

**"It has been shown that too much drinking reduces mental ability, and increases unrest"**

There are plenty of other places to get a drink in Canberra, however, and for this reason I think that the university should be declared a dry zone. I am sure that this would aid the quiet study of subjects in ANU and possibly even reduce the incidence of both violence and sexual assault.

I know that the call for a dry university will probably be an unpopular one but I feel that this is the correct move both for the future, safety and continuance of ANU.

John Sanderson

## Student politicians — show some maturity

Dear Woroni,  
I found my laughter difficult to suppress whilst reading the articles written by the self-righteous members of both Labor and Liberal clubs. I had not previously

**"I had not previously believed it possible for two seemingly intelligent, mature people to act in such a petty and childish fashion"**

believed it possible for two seemingly intelligent, mature people to act in such a petty and childish fashion. Any semblance of reasonable argument contained in their letters was so over-ridden by pathetic abuse and narrow-minded bigotry as to render them laughable to any but the most deluded adherent to the "party" line. I advise Ms Martin and Mr Dixon to read Martin Bush's argument in the last edition of Woroni and

make a few notes. Perhaps they could get their point across a bit better and earn a bit more respect if they stopped their senseless bickering and showed some maturity.

Alison Duncan.

## End Wasteful Paper Trail

Dear Editor,  
I realise that a couple of years ago environmentalism was very much in vogue around the world but recently I have noticed that the university seems to have forgotten several lessons that we all should have learned. I am truly disgusted at the physical wastage that I see in the university. Recycling is almost non-existent. Of greatest import to me — and the reason why I am writing to Woroni is the wastage of paper that I observe in the computer rooms. It is often helpful to be able to get 'free' paper whenever you have an assignment to print but often this results in multiple copies being printed and first drafts being examined in hard copy and not on the computer screen. All of this excess paper that gets used for this task is then discarded by the student, sometimes responsibly, but more often, I observe, with reckless abandon. This over-use of paper also means that the responsible student sometimes cannot print their own document as the printers are so overused that they are constantly jammed, broken or out of toner.

For the sake of all students, and in the future our children also, I urge that the university should cease the activity of offering free reams of paper in the computer labs and instead offer reams cheaply for sale in the union.

Wendy Margets

## Mackerras' whinge #1

Dear Woroni,  
In the rough and tumble of student politics it is hard enough to get at the facts (witness John Dyson's letter in the last Woroni) and even harder to know the motives of others. I do not wish to comment on the motives of the Debating Society but I do have a good insight into the motives of my twin brother William.

William and I share a fervent

opposition to the use of beer in elections, so we were not pleased when the Liberal Club enticed people to the first C&S election by advertising free beer. Thus William decided to begin the meeting as soon as possible, before beer seekers had time to wander over from the colleges. This he did, clearly justified by the standing orders which say that a meeting should commence as soon as 50 people are in the room. He called for nominations, publicly, but obviously those outside (including John Dyson) and, I suspect, some people inside the room, did not hear him. A number of people had been milling outside for some time, so it is scarcely surprising that there was a long queue when eventually they saw fit to enter.

Thus the saga began, caused as it was by a Liberal beerstack.

The theory behind the second meeting was that it would be used to reduce the Liberal Club's beer resources in preparation for a real meeting the following Thursday. Liberals like Nick Tolley who label this a farce ought to remember that they were its cause. To enact this 'farce' William would close the meeting as soon as it began by means of the standing orders, but nonetheless he hoped quorum would not be reached so he told the debaters not to bother coming and there was little objection. Yet the next day the debaters and Liberals appeared together with a

few others, a beer stack was advertised and William tried to close the meeting. An election was held anyway (later ruled invalid) with the result that four members of the committee were to be members of the Debating Society.

These actions were the motivation for the leaflet issued prior to the third meeting. I have criticised William for its inaccuracies but the general sting was true: that by dispensing with the standing orders the debaters and Liberals had held a highly unusual and opportunistic election gaining improper influence over the C&S committee. William's misgivings about such influence were vindicated when the Debating Society later requested \$2500 from the C&S committee, on which they enjoy a majority, dubiously claiming urgency (they saw no need to mention the \$1700 in their account) and arguing basically that "we're a good club and you know you'll eventually give us this amount anyway". It seems to me that only a committee of debaters could possibly accept such a weak argument and fortunately the review committee rejected the grant.

So when I read debaters and Liberals attacking William in the last Woroni, I heard the window-panes of a glasshouse breaking.

Patrick Mackerras

## Mackerras' whinge #2

An open letter to John Dyson

Dear John,  
When the Clubs and Societies election could not be held on March 14, I told you and others that it would be held on March 28. This caused not one ounce of dissent.

You held a totally illegitimate election on March 21 when almost no one else was present. Your endorsed candidates won all the positions available.

You now justify this monstrosity on the basis that March 28 was too long for clubs to wait for funding. Why didn't you object when I told you on March 14 that this would be the date for the new election? Why did it take you a whole week to decide, in effect, that "an illegitimate election today is better than a legitimate one next Thursday"?

A second point debunks your claim. On March 19, the SRC, at my request, established an interim C&S Committee which gave out over \$700 to clubs before March 28. No club was disadvantaged by the delay.

Stop peddling this altruistic myth that you wanted to help all the clubs of the ANU. You wanted to help your own club, the Debating Society, by holding a premature and phoney election when no one else knew you were going to do it, and hence had no opportunity to vote.

Yours sincerely,  
William Mackerras

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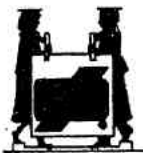
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'Mary', by Monique Auricchio, 1994 Winner, 2 Dimensional Section.



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## 1996 ACT Tertiary Art Prize

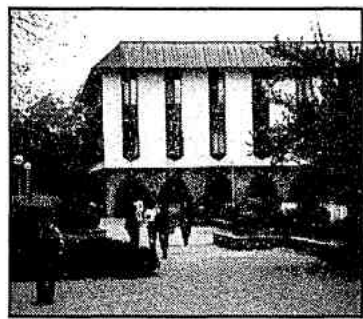
Exhibition dates: 3-14 June 1996.  
Gallery Cafe, above the Refectory,  
Building One, University of Canberra



## In Brief...

### Library Review To Be Implemented

The Library Committee will be moving to implement the recommendations of the Library review, subject to approval by Council, student representative William Mackerras has said. They were, however, concerned that the proportion of money devoted to collections would decrease, an unfortunate situation if (contrary to what the Review assumed) the grant to the library were to be cut in the future. William also expressed disappointment that the review had not considered many issues directly relevant to students, such as a lack of multiple copies, but looked forward to such issues being addressed in the report of the SA Education Committee's review of undergraduate education.



The Chilley Library — soon to be better

### Student Review Of Education At ANU

The Education Committee of the Student's Association will this year be conducting a major review of undergraduate education at the ANU, with a comprehensive report to be published in fourth term. The committee's chair, Patrick Mackerras, has said he is confident the report will be well received by university academics and administrators, and will produce lasting results. A period of extensive consultation is about to commence, and the committee would welcome any comments from students regarding the teaching, organisation and content of their courses.

### Changes To Exam Timetable

Student representatives on the Board of the Faculties have had some success in negotiating improvements to exam timetables. Currently students are disadvantaged by having to sit up to three exams in two days. There is now the possibility that more exams could be scheduled later in the three week period. However, they are seeking student opinions on the following questions, together with general comments:

Would you prefer exams to be finished early and close together or more spread out?

Are evening, Saturday afternoon and Sunday exams acceptable?

Responses should be addressed to William Mackerras, c/-Students' Association, or sent via e-mail to w.mackerras@student.anu.edu.au

## A Death In The Family

by Tom McCawley

Monash University student newspaper, Lot's Wife has been closed down after 33 years of operation.

The editors have stated that they ran out of money after the Federal Government refused to provide any more financial support.

The closure follows two years of mounting financial pressure after the 1994 Kennett Government ban on the use of student funds for political purposes — such as running newspapers.

Lot's Wife now faces an uncertain future as editors desperately look to alternative means of funding.

In 1994 the Kennett Government effectively blocked funding to Lot's Wife by introducing Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) legislation. Under VSU students are given the choice to join student unions, and compulsory union fees have been abolished. It also contained clauses banning the use of taxpayers' money to fund what were regarded as political activities. This has included student elections and information campaigns.

Last year the Labor Government stepped in to provide special funding for student newspapers and other activities suffering funding cuts under the VSU legislation.

The new Liberal Government will not continue this support. A spokeswoman for the office of the Federal Minister for Education, Senator Amanda Vandstone stated that this government is opposed to the previous government's policy of using taxpayers' money to fund the activities of student unions. The money, she claimed, could otherwise be spent on health and education.

Monash students have responded with anger at the closure. An estimated 1000 protest letters have been

then it has contained many investigative articles, often critical of conservative governments in Australia and overseas.

Lot's Wife has a glamorous alumni cast including Michael Leunig, John Spooner and Stuart Roth. It has won numerous NUS and AUS media awards.

"Student newspapers have a tendency to be slightly left wing," stated Ben Richards, editor of Lot's Wife. "But as editors we strive to maintain a balance and ensure no group on campus pushes its political barrel," said Anna Dollman, another editor.

Melanie McGrath of the editorial team commented that "the Victorian Government has taken it upon itself to decide [the fate of] a service utilised by over 10 000 students each fortnight."

The Victoria branch of the National Union of Students has pledged its support for Lot's Wife and stated its condemnation of the government's position.

"Kennett has been attacking all media that dares to criticise and challenge his government. Amongst his targets have been the Age, the ABC and student newspapers. We will not allow Lot's Wife to become his first victim in this campaign of silence," said Melissa Stead, Education Officer.

The editors are unsure as to the future of Lot's Wife. While they are exploring various avenues for possible funding, Ben Richards asserts that "we will not let Lot's Wife die."

The editors believe that the closure is an issue for all tertiary students in Australia — pointing out that both John Howard and Peter Costello indicated their approval of voluntary student unionism. "Students have to realise," said Melanie of NUS, "that their paper might be next."



The Lot's Wife logo for 1996 — now a part of history

written to state and federal governments as well as a media campaign staged by the editors of Lot's Wife. A mass student rally is planned for Tuesday 7 May.

The editors suspect antagonism on the part of the Victorian Liberal Government. Lot's Wife has been critical of the Kennett Government in the past. Monash University was the site of several large anti-Kennett protests.

Traditionally Lot's Wife has been a politically adventurous student publication. In the 1960s it was outright in criticism of the Vietnam War. Since

## Buildings And Grounds: No Dalek

by Rachel Anthony

For the latest news from Buildings and Grounds, students are encouraged to attend a Public Meeting to be held at the Robertson Lecture Theatre, Research School of Biological Sciences on Monday 20 May from 1pm - 3pm. The meeting will discuss the Urban Design Study of the Acton, Baldessin and University Avenue Precincts. The meeting aims to inform the University community as to its findings and proposals for the above mentioned areas, and provide an opportunity for participants to be involved in the development of public space on university grounds.

Students will be disappointed to learn that the proposed erection of an 'Obelisk', a large, phallus-like object [to compliment Don Hardman's balls?] on Barry Drive to indicate the University's entrance has been rejected. Mr Hardman told Woroni that the architect who had suggested a "Dalek"-like box with flashing lights had been told to "think again." It is anticipated that a sign will be erected instead.

Buildings and Grounds has decided to bring further excitement into campus life by renaming itself Facilities and Services. The name change is expected to increase productivity by 700% according to undisclosed sources.



The Barry Drive entrance to ANU — daleks are forbidden

## Melbourne Uni To Host Mock United Nations Conference

by Rachel Anthony

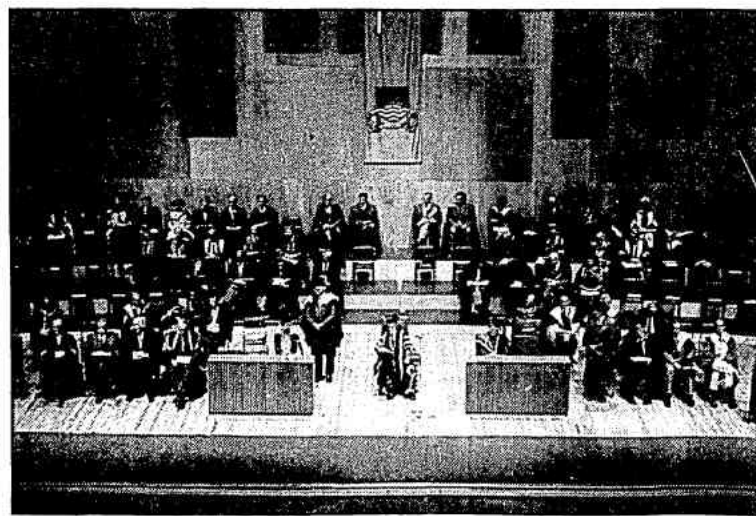
The University of Melbourne will be holding the second Australasian Model United Nations Conference from the 15th - 19th of July 1996. The conference is supported and assisted by the Law School at the University of Melbourne and the United Nations Association of Australia.

The conference entails a four day simulation by participants of the six bodies of the United Nations; the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Commission on Human Rights, the Commission on the

Status of Women, the International Law Commission and the International Court of Justice. Participants will be allocated to one of the simulated bodies for the duration of the conference and will role-play delegates of member states.

The conference is being promoted on university campuses in Australia and overseas. Students wishing to attend should contact the Woroni Office for further information. STA Travel are offering special deals to conference participants.

## Graduation At Last!



The starting line-up at graduation: Chancellor Peter Baume occupies centre stage.

Graduation ceremonies livened up the mid-semester break on May 23 and 24. Hundreds of students rented academic gowns, hoods and dented mortarboards for their "big day", and sat in Llewellyn Hall for up to

two and half hours for their ten seconds of fame. No-one tripped. No-one fell. They all just wandered over, shook hands with the man in the bumblebee suit and shuffled off stage.



## Nestle Ban Stays

by Boris Humphries

At the last board meeting of the ANU Union the proposed motion to drop the ban on Nestle products was withdrawn from the agenda. This means the Nestle ban will remain.

During the period leading up to the meeting board members were bombarded with protests from the student body in support of the ban. In addition to personal feedback the board received numerous letters in support of the ban. Student Association president William Mackerras also spent time lobbying board members behind closed doors.

The groundswell of support for the ban was instrumental in forcing the motion to be dropped



Nestle's business ethics in third world countries are considered questionable by many students

Hannah Rechter, a vocal supporter of the ban commented that it was "good to see the Union board acting ethically and responsibly."

Ms Rechter also said "doing the right thing [maintaining the ban] is not an option when finances are bad, rather it is an imperative — it is the only way to preserve ethical business practices."

## Tiptoe Through Terrell's Tulips

by Michael Cook

In a move certain to excite botany enthusiasts across Canberra, Vice Chancellor Deane Terrell will soon open his garden for public display. The plan, announced recently, is part of the Australian Open Gardens Scheme, a project which exhibits interesting and beautiful gardens to the general populace. The garden of the Vice Chancellor's residence is considered by some to be the best example of Temperate Zone garden design in the region.

Professor Terrell believes the display will forge a link between the University and the general community. "I felt this was a way of creating some outreach...to those people in the community who are interested in seeing a garden that was developed almost 50 years ago." The opening should attract a large number of local visitors, as well as avid 'green-thumb' devotees from interstate and overseas.

The Vice Chancellor is keen to stress that the garden should be regarded as University property, not his. "The residence of the Vice Chancellor is, as far as I'm concerned, an asset of the University's."

A highlight of the garden is the attractive mix of native and introduced species, which Professor Terrell describes as "an interesting combination of native and non-native

plants...[with] some very interesting trees". The taller trees are predominantly of the native species Eucalyptus globulus, but an amazing variety of deciduous trees and shrubs dot the grounds. These include several Quercus robur and Betula papyrifera, still holding leaves that are, as an amateur botanist described them, 'enticing, delicious shades of red and yellow'.

However, it is not only the Vice Chancellor's garden that people will come to see. Professor Terrell thinks that Canberrans are justifiably proud of the entire University landscape design, developed by Botany Professor Lyndsay Pryor. Large numbers of Canberrans, who are not otherwise linked to the ANU, enjoy using the pleasant campus surroundings to

exercise or relax. The Vice Chancellor himself often walks through the University, partly as 'an enjoyable, healthy walk', but also to "...see what's happening in the residences."

The University was not designed, however, to simply be a showpiece of landscape architecture, but a practical aid to those employed and enrolled at the ANU: "One of the very pleasant aspects of the whole University's garden setting [is that] it provides, for both students and staff, an environment in which to work that contributes to the pleasure of...University activities."

The Vice Chancellor will open his garden to the public in early October.



Deane Terrell's front garden — the back is even more exciting

## What's On At The School Of Art

Gallery — Foyer Gallery

10 May–9 June. Containers and Wood. This exhibition features the Box in a rather ground-breaking role as 'Container'. Eminent wood workers have been invited to create a box which integrates construction and content.

Groundwork: This exhibition presents the works produced between 1976 and 1995 as the result of collaborations between Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander artists and the CSA Print making Workshop.

2–2 May. Intercultural Art: Made at the CSA. An exhibition of art works produced by students currently enrolled at the School of Art.

PhotoSpace

13–17 May. Designed to Eliminate Cacophony. Photographic Installation by CSA student Anna Brown.

20–24 May. ourselves. A photographic exhibition by CSA photomedia students, Iain Dawson, Kate Kirk, Paul Rudwick and Silvia Velez.

## SPORT

### Inward Bound "A Bastard"

by Stephen Phillips

The annual intercollegiate Inward bound competition was held on the 12/13 of April. Burgmann college defeated Ursula by a solitary point this time round, to claim their third victory in as many years.

To quote one competitor "Inward bound requires the services of a special breed of person. It simply doesn't suffice to be fit, dynamic and enthusiastic. Indeed, a healthy chunk of determination, whilst important, is by no means mandatory. It is sheer masochistic idiocy which must prevail in the character of your genuine I.B. runner."

Another of this year's competitors said "many have compared the insane glint in the typical I.B runner's eye to the glare of the common steroid-muncher having a 'roid rage.' It is this trait that allows them to keep running, despite the fact that their knees may require reconstruction."

This year, those competitors who fitted the description above were carted away and dumped, scared and blindfolded, at various distances from the 'endpoint'. These distances ranged from around one hundred kilometres for division 1 to thirty kilometres for division 7. Competitors felt such statistics emphasised the

brutality of this annual inter-college event, and the gleeful sadism of those organising it.

Strict rules also apply, whereby competitors must return from their ordeal with every item of equipment they left with, or be disqualified. It is obviously this rule which has given rise to the notorious I.B phrase: "I don't care if you wiped your arse with your blindfold-You're not throwing it away."

Despite assurances from Rastas, the I.B organiser, that this year's race would be easier than the last, our route somehow incorporated, as one friendly competitor put it "the fuckin' Brindies". That being the case, most divisions had some serious hill-climbing to tackle.

Other challenges competitors mentioned in hushed tones included savage dogs, demented livestock, and sly property-owners with warnings of dingo-traps.

However, once such obstacles were overcome the finish beckoned. As one competitor put it "crossing that line with your team-mates and hearing the crowd go berserk is a euphoric, unforgettable experience"

### Inward Bound Leaves Women on the Sidelines

Inward Bound. It's a great tradition and a great sport. It also systematically discriminates against women.

The fact that it does so is beyond question. The fact that no-one seems to notice or care is disturbing.

Perhaps Inward Bound is so worshipped as an event, and so established in the mythology of each college that its rules are beyond criticism. It's probably easier to rewrite the Bible than to change the rules of IB.

In the last five years of the event, women have accounted for fewer than 10% of the competitors in the top four divisions and fewer than 35% of the others. What's going wrong?

Because Inward Bound is such a hotly contested event, it's natural that colleges select teams which they think are going to win. Usually that has meant selecting men over women.

People often claim that women do better than men in IB because they have more staying power.



#### Comment

by Gary Rasmussen

Whether or not this is true, it certainly doesn't translate into selections.

A glance at the race statistics confirms that some colleges pursue a policy of not selecting women at all, or if they do so, only in the lowest of the divisions.

The principle here is quite simple. Women should not have to compete against men for selection in "open" teams.

Take a look around. In athletics, swimming, basketball, tennis, in fact *any other sport*, the world recognises that women and men have different strengths and abilities.

You wouldn't dream of asking women to compete against men for selection in an open sprint relay or a basketball team. It wouldn't make sense because men would crowd women out of those

teams.

That's exactly what's happening, year after year, in Inward Bound.

Inward Bound might well "break down the barriers" between the sexes but it does so at the expense of leaving women on the sidelines.

Women traditionally show up to the end point in great numbers to welcome teams home.

Many would rather be running in the event than tending the college BBQ, but the competition for limited team positions is too great.

Until there are separate divisions for women and men, many women will be denied the opportunity to participate in this most challenging and rewarding of events.

Having men's and women's divisions would invigorate IB and create even more interest — for a start, there would be two Division 1 teams instead of one.

Great traditions grow over time to meet new demands and changing circumstances. That time has come for Inward Bound



# MORE NEWS

## Oxford Exchange To Go Ahead

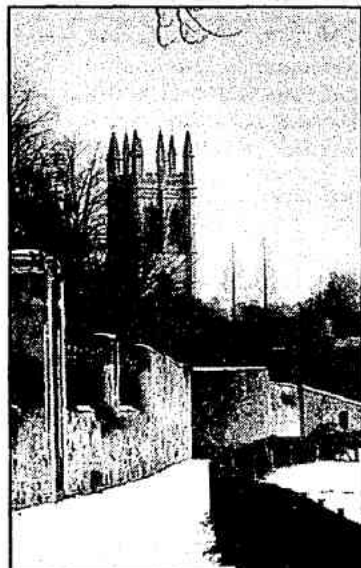
by Lyn Kemmis

The ANU is soon to be involved in a university exchange program with Oxford University.

Angela Delves, the acting Academic Registrar, said that the program will have a very open form. Numbers will initially be small, as a balance of students from either university must be maintained, but Ms Delves described the "original intention" of the program as "primarily a student exchange", although staff are also welcome.

The ANU has already been contacted by an interested Oxford student, who is doing his postgraduate studies on the High Court of Australia. Not surprisingly, he thinks an exchange to Canberra could aid his research.

Ms Delves expects a lot of interest from students who are researching topics with aspects unique to Australia or to the



Oxford University — stunning architecture, English weather

southern hemisphere. Resource and Environmental Management, the general flora and fauna, and Astronomy, are a few possible areas which could attract Oxford students here, or by the same principle, tempt ANU students overseas.

There are other opportunities to study in Europe—Stockholm, Paris and Nice are some of the other possibilities. Down the track, Ms Delves expects Spain and Italy to join this list. In organising these programs, she says that our greatest advantage is the fact that "we're in Canberra, as the diplomats are always very helpful".

The final details of the program are yet to be finalised, as our Academic Registrar will be visiting Oxford in August. Hopefully, the program will be under way by next year.

## Proposed Sexual Harassment Committee Raises Concern

by Deborah Snow

The ANU has recently engaged in a review of the sexual harassment procedures. The working party set up to do this has now come up with a set of concrete proposals.

These proposals augment the existing sexual harassment complaint structure by adding a third tier after the CCASH mediation level and before external proceedings at the Human Rights and Equal Opportunities Commission (HREOC).

The current procedure of complaint for a sexual harassment victim has as its first step communication with a contact officer who provides guidance to the victim. Then if the victim wishes the matter is taken to CCASH for mediation. After this there is an option for a self-activated disciplinary hearing by the Vice-Chancellor, or taking matters externally to HREOC.

The newly proposed third tier is to have the function of reviewing the alleged events to establish whether a prima facie case

exists in order to recommend to the Vice Chancellor whether the complaint should proceed further.

The composition of the review body would be two people chosen by the Vice Chancellor from within the university and one external convenor.

The working party also gave recommendations on the related issue of recording complaints against staff for future reference. They advised that only statistical data be kept.

These recommendations have had a mixed reception from staff and students. Students in particular have raised objections to the recommendations. The small number of students who have seen the proposals raised several points.

The first and major concern was the composition of the review committee which they saw as being heavily weighted against students. One student commented "the thought of coming up against three crusty old men

puts me off the whole process altogether". All students thought the absence of student representation on the committee was troubling.

Another concern was the absence of purpose. As another student put it, "why is it there? To tell me I can't complain?"

Other concerns raised were the lack of any provision for a victims advocate and the refusal to record complaints, allowing minor offenders to continue unacceptable conduct.

It is recognised, however, that the review of sexual harassment procedure has led to considerable improvements in the way ANU handles such matters. These include a greater allocation of funding (now \$65,000), increased publicity, teaching programs for staff on aspects of sexual harassment, a requirement that department heads be familiar with the correct way to handle sexual harassment claims and a redrafting of the Red Book on dealing with sexual harassment.

## CCASH Position Threatened

by Ben Grahame

The position of Women's Officer Siobhan McDonnell on the Council Committee Against Sexual Harassment (CCASH) has been threatened by a move to replace her.

Ms McDonnell has held the position since the beginning of the year, and has been involved with the changes and decisions made by the committee. Last week, Mr Mackerras informed her that he intended to remove her from the committee to hand over the position to another student who had requested the position earlier in the year, if another position could not be created on the committee.

When asked to comment on the decision, Ms McDonnell said she believed that "the actions of the president reflected a lack of respect for the position of the Women's Officers. The Women's Officer is the logical person to have in the position in terms of resources and accessibility".

In reply, Mr Mackerras said that the individual intended to replace the Women's Officer had originally been unavailable to accept the position at the beginning of the year. He added that he was in the process of trying to establish a permanent ex officio position for the Women's Officer on the Committee.

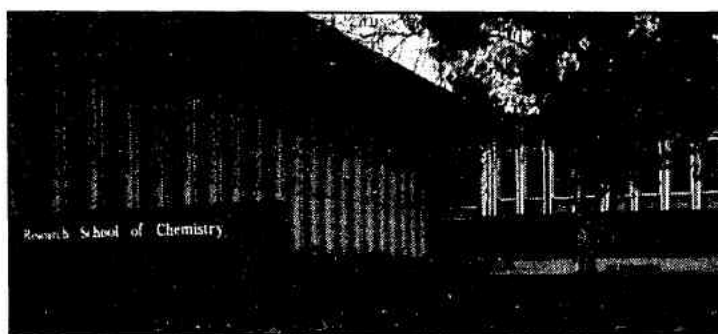
## Who Are The Gang of 8?

by Michael Cook

In the shadow of Federal Government promises to slash \$8 billion from public spending, eight Australian Universities have joined together in an attempt to limit cuts to research funding. The group comprises of the 'elite' universities of Melbourne, Sydney, the Australian National University, NSW, and Adelaide, Queensland, Monash and Western Australia.

At the moment Universities have to compete for research funds, with the group of eight receiving 70 per cent of the money between them. However, many believe that the 'Gang of Eight', as it is commonly referred to, will lobby the Government for preferential funding treatment - at the expense of universities with less-established research facilities.

The Vice Chancellor of the University of Canberra, Don Aitkin, thinks that any move to change fund-allocation procedures would be harmful and unfair: "How is Australia better off if universities that win money competitively are to lose it because a group of eight...believe that somehow they're better than others? If they were that good they would be getting it through competition." He said that changing from 'competitive allocation' to a system which favours an elite group would be "silly."



The Research School of Chemistry — part of the Institute of Advanced Studies

However, the Vice Chancellor of the ANU, Professor Deane Terrell, denies that the 'Group of Eight', as he calls it, will lobby the Federal Government for preferential funding. "We are not a lobby group...There's no question it's silly for any government to have an unfair funding formula. We would never advocate that." Nevertheless, in this climate of severe budget cuts new mechanisms for resource allocation must be found, or 'adequate research infrastructure will not be provided to all universities'.

Whilst acknowledging that other universities are unnerved by the forming of the 'group', Professor Terrell believes every 'community of interest' within the higher education sector has a right to meet and discuss

issues concerning them.

The ANU has an added pressure to keep its research funding from being cut. The five-year research budget of the Institute of Advanced Studies (which is controlled by the ANU) is due for review at the end of this financial year. After a positive government review of the Institute last year, there are rumours that the Australian Research Council will personally distribute additional funds, seriously undermining the ANU's position.

The true motivation of the 'Gang of Eight', whether it be selfishness or otherwise, is unclear. It is clear, however, that its formation is in response to fears the Federal Government will savagely cut funds to higher education.

## Woroni Has Moved!

by Geoff Labonzski

On 26 April the Woroni office moved to the "main room" of the Students' Association. The move was the culmination of several months of negotiation between the Woroni editorial team and the SA Administration.

The Woroni editorial team recognises advantages in the new office, "It is certainly bigger" said Bianca Nogrady, Editor-in-Chief, "about the perfect size for late night editorial meetings. We anticipate productivity will rise on layout weekends." Dan Silkstone, Entertainment editor, commented, "Yeah, it's OK. About the right size for indoor tennis and comfy couches too."

However the office also has its drawbacks. Peter Still, Advertising Manager, was concerned that, "We may not be able to watch drug deals take place in the unibar beer garden any more..."

Other contributors have expressed concern that the office is not as accessible to the student body in its new position, "I was walking to the Sports Union one day and suddenly found myself writing an article on masturbation" explained Tom, "That just won't happen any more."



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**The Guys At The Faculty**

Hi Everyone!

How's campus life treating you?

As you can see from the stationery, life's a whole new kettle of fish for me. (Especially since I've just joined the John West Marketing Department?!)

Working for Unilever is an absolute mind blowing experience.

It's hard to believe but being a 'suit' really suits me. The money's great and so is the travel, the training, the social life... you name it, I'm living it!

Unilever's a worldwide company too, with operations in more than 80 countries, marketing and manufacturing the kind of brands that get knowing nods from people at parties.

It's not all Marketing grads here either. There are heaps of opportunities for everyone. In fact, you could say Unilever's great for all Uni Leavers!

I'm good mates with some Arts, Science, Economics and Commerce majors and we're all going through the excellent Unilever Management Trainee Scheme together.

It takes up to 3 years to complete and the idea is that you get a really solid grounding in different company functions. For instance, Marketing's always been my bag but the company's also had me try my hand in Logistics and Sales as part of my 'development'.

Then there's things like working in New Zealand, followed by big kahuna management positions and beyond...

But I'm starting to sound like a real salesman here?!

So let me wrap up this spiel by saying that you guys better start thinking about where you're going and which company's best equipped to help you get there.

Word's out that Unilever's looking for top notch grads from all disciplines, so do yourself a favour and call a lady I know in Personnel. (That's her number at the bottom of the page.) Or talk to your Careers Adviser if you don't want to fork out for the phone call.

Wish you were here!  
 Cheers,

*N. Smith*  
 Nipper Smith

**DELINA HODGSON\***  
 (02) 869 6441

\*Unilever Management Trainee Recruitment & Development Manager



# TODAY'S TEXTS FOR HALF PRICE

Use The Sydney Morning Herald and The Australian Financial Review to keep up to date on local, national and world events, economic trends and community affairs. Present your student ID at the Campus Newsagency to purchase 10 vouchers for half the cover price of The Sydney Morning Herald or The Australian Financial Review.

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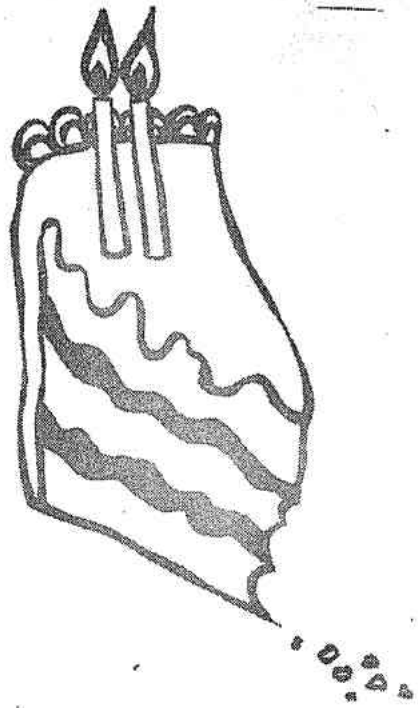
***Blue Stocking***

***week***

***13th – 17th may '96***

So you're a woman on campus? Here's your chance to brandish your bluestockings with pride, hug your female friend and skip round uni knowing this is the place you truly belong. Whatever your cup of tea or slice of cake, spare a moment to think that you have an opportunity that women in other times and other places haven't had: an opportunity to be an educated woman, an opportunity to be a 'bluestocking'.





# a week celebrating women in education

**Art Exhibition:** Talent plus! An exhibition featuring the work of female students at the School of Art. Open for two weeks at The Street Theatre Cafe. Add some culture to your uni career, come take a look!

## Tues 14th

**1:30-2:30pm:** Learn more about self defence than the word Karate come to a **FREE Women's Self Defence Class**. Located in the Meeting Room across from the Councillng Centre, instructed by Annette Haridan.

**6:30pm: Pasta and Personality night** at Tilley's (Wattle St Lyneham). Come and eat, drink and be entertained. Marion Halligan, Tina van Raay, and a representative from the Women's Electoral Lobby will be speaking on "Women having their cake and eating it too". Dinner is \$10 (cheap, cheap, cheap). For tickets contact the Women's Office on 2492444 or drop into the Students' Association

## Wed 15th

**19-2pm: Market Day, womens stalls** in Union Court. Come and collect your info while listening to **womens bands** Plutoastia and Bravadivas.

**6-8pm:** Ever gone up the wall? Now's your chance — become a social climber for the night and come and try **Women's Rock Climbing**. At the climbing wall in the Sports Union. Instruction given by members of the Mountain Club.



## Thur 16th

**11-2pm:** Come and munch on muffins and slurp on orange juice at the Women on Campus **Women's Picnic** to be held on the lawns outside the Engineering Faculty (where the last picnic was!)

**1:30-2:30pm: FREE Women's Self Defence Class** in the Meeting Room across from the Councillng Centre, instructed by Annette Haaridan.

## Fri 17th

**7pm: FREE Women's Film Night**, come and check out the latest femm flicks as well as some of your own faves. In the Haydon Allen Tank.

## Sat 18th

**9-1pm:** Self defence workshop for international women. For more information contact Renuka on 2492770.

Intellectual men in the 18th century, who spent hours indulging in academic discussions on topics such as Freedom, Liberty and Equality, were characterised by their leg wear.

They wore blue stockings. Their ideas of equality however, did not extend to women

who wanted to become involved in such intellectual activities.

Women who wished to pursue education rather than devoting their lives to traditional

'womanly' activities were called 'Bluestockings' because they were seen as dowdy and eccentric, and to be masquerading as intellectual men.

When women were first admitted to universities in England, the term 'Bluestockings' continued to be used against women students to imply that they were unfeminine and had chosen the wrong vocation. Today, women have reclaimed 'Bluestocking' as a catch-phrase for women in education. Each year women all over the world celebrate 'Bluestocking Week', taking the chance to reflect how far women have come in relation to education, and how far there is to go.

the meaning behind the stockings...



## a real supermodel

by

In her novel *Poppy*, Drusilla Modjeska writes: "the best model for a woman is not the virgin mother



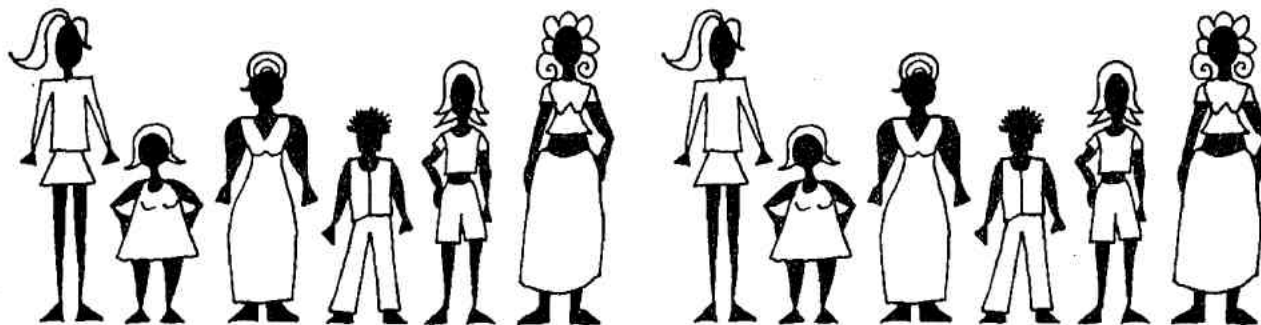
particularly within the very professions that wield social power.

Like Hildegard, women must speak out against **Bridecake** and demand that the academic achievements of women be matched by career opportunities. We must both look forward to claim our rightful equality and gaze behind us in celebration of the great women who have gone before.



Hildegard:  
wrote poetry,  
composed music,  
defied the civic  
and religious  
authorities of her  
time

elle:  
models bikinis,  
signs autographs,  
doesn't read  
anything she didn't  
write herself



# Where the Babes Hang Out

## parenthood at the anu

by Siobhan McDonnell

**R**ights of women to have their cake and eat it too are heavily dependant on access to child care. While child care is becoming more available in the workplace access of students to child care facilities are becoming increasingly restricted. In addition to providing child care facilities the university and society as a whole must promote environments and services that cater to parents, and more specifically student parents decisions to have a child.

Unlike other groups that are discriminated against parents and pregnant women at the ANU have no direct policy that applies to them nor, to a large degree, are they recognised as part of the student community. The invisibility of student parents on campus has allowed the ANU for too long to ignore the needs generated by such a group.

Of the six child care facilities sponsored by the university (in terms of the buildings they are housed in) none offer hours flexible enough to cater to a student timetable and all have waiting lists, some up to two and a half years. In addition the majority of child care places at university are taken up by post-graduate, visiting or lecturer's children rather than those of undergraduates.

In terms of the university environment little or no effort has been made to accommodate parents on campus. Essential facilities such as a parenting room go unprovided while the facilities that are provided, such as the mothers room on the top floor of Chifley Library, are inaccessible or just impractical. Apart from building related considerations parents and pregnant women on campus face academic barriers in the sense that there is no university or faculty policy that deals with maternity leave, special consideration in times of assessment, more flexible timetabling or more practical concerns such as bringing children into lectures.

Finally parents and pregnant women face prejudice in terms of the judgements they receive by being either pregnant or with child on campus. To be in such a situation where they have to be at the mercy of lecturers, Deans and tutors acceptance of their position is unacceptable. That the university does not have a policy in relation to parents and pregnant women is unforgivable. That the type of child care facilities needed by parents are neither available or practical is discrimination.

So if the university is so fraught with problems for parents and pregnant women how exactly do they

cope? We talked to three women to find out.

Liz is a third year Arts/Law student. She has an eight week old baby and is currently doing a part-time load in Law and a full time load in Arts. Kylie is an Arts/Science student in her fifth year of part-time study. Kylie has a three month old baby. She also has chronic fatigue syndrome, which has made full time study out of the question, so far she has been studying for five years. Belinda is in her third year of an Arts/Science degree and is five months pregnant.

### Child Care on Campus

The long waiting lists as well as the inflexible hours offered by child care facilities at the ANU often mean that it is difficult for parents to find adequate child care facilities, we asked Kylie and Liz how they felt about these concerns. Kylie said that she was unaware of the lengths of the waiting lists on campus and didn't think till after she had her baby to put her name down on a list, this means that it will be a year to two years before her child will have a place in child care. So what is Kylie doing in the meantime? "The only way I can be at uni is that I have a very good friend who minds the baby during lectures, and sometimes my husband comes home from work early so I can go to uni". Liz also uses outside support to care for her child while she is at university, Liz says without this support, "I would have deferred". And, since the hours of child care offered aren't flexible, she says, "I probably couldn't have afforded it either".

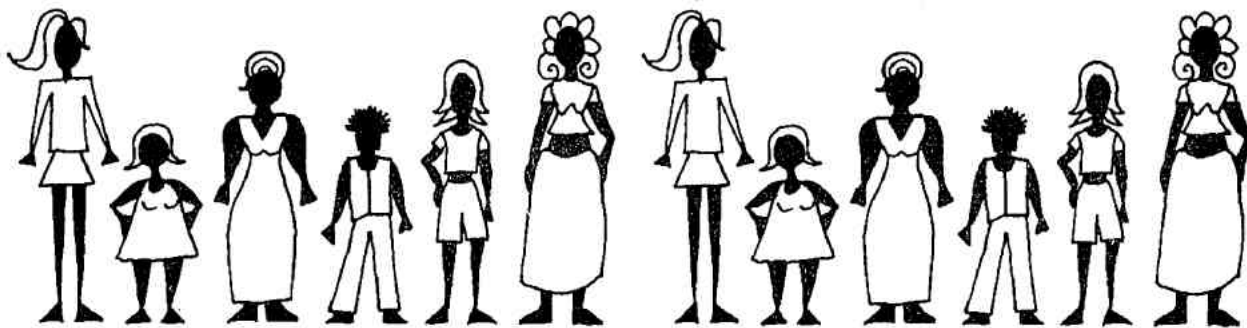
### Being a Parent on Campus

So what's it like being a parent on campus? What facilities are available to you? Where can you breastfeed?

We asked Kylie and Liz what they thought about the services that were provided for parents and if they felt comfortable being a parent on campus. Both Kylie and Liz felt that brining a child onto campus could be a nightmare, Kylie said that while "there is wheelchair access for prams and strollers... there are still some places you just can't get to". Other services for pregnant women and new mothers are minimal. There is no parenting room on campus and very few areas that mother's feel comfortable breastfeeding. Also minimal is the amount of publicity given to these services, there is a nursing mother's room on the third floor of Chifley Library that Liz and Kylie didn't even know existed.

In terms of the university enviroment Liz made the





point that the "environment is not made for kids... you don't realise that until you have a child." Liz went on to say that if you're a parent with a small child the university environment can seem hostile, she said that in relation to her child the "couple of experiences I've had taking him into uni weren't positive at all". Kylie added to this experience by saying that she would feel uncomfortable bringing her child into lectures, "It would be to uncomfortable having people glaring at me all the time".

In relation to experiences of being a parent on uni Liz recounted a story of being at uni with a pram struggling to push through heavy doors, no one helped her although many people walked past her and through the doors. Liz concluded by saying that mostly she found people at uni were not negative or positive but that "people don't realise" how difficult some situations can be or when they should offer help.

#### University policy on parents

There is no university or faculty policy in relation to parents or pregnant women. Liz had to appeal individually to her faculty to gain acceptance to go part-time and even then there were still problems: "when I rang up and asked to go part-time my position in the faculty wasn't guaranteed". In fact, the Law faculty only allowed Liz to go part time "on the condition that I come back and do an above full-time load for the last two years, this puts a lot of pressure on me".

Kylie also feels pressured, as she has five years to complete 16 points of her combined degree. At the moment she is not sure if she will be able to complete her degree in the allotted period, "I can't go back full-time, there's no way in hell". Belinda, on the other hand, hasn't found many problems with her lecturers treatment of her pregnancy, "My lecturers have been pretty good about things like absence due to morning sickness, and most have summaries I can use if I make it."

Unfortunately what all three women's experiences illustrate is their dependence on the response of the individual lecturer, tutor or Dean that they approach. While in some cases these staff members seem to be appreciative of the special considerations that pregnant women or parents often need others can be equally unappreciative. Clearly the only way to provide the uniform standard of recognition that pregnant women and parents need is to create some kind of university policy in relation to these categories of people.

In creating a university policy that relates to parents and pregnant women Liz believes that there are a series of things that should be provided. One of the things that Liz believes would be most valuable would be the provision of a course co-ordinator who could sit down with anyone who had special needs and help them work out a plan for continuing with their education, "sitting down with someone who knows your course and knows what you want to do". In addition she believes that the role of this co-ordinator should be to act as a go-between for the individual and the faculty, talking to all members of the faculty who have a relationship to the individual and making



Bodacious babes everywhere give the thumbs down to ANU's child care policy

them aware of the individual's special needs.

Liz, while agreeing that it is important for the university to have a policy on parents and pregnant women, stresses the importance of an individual approach to parents needs, "A standards o.k. but you've got to be willing to depart from that... Every women's pregnancy and needs are going to change". Liz gave an example of this as being when the baby was due, if for example if it was due in exam period the women would need different considerations to that of a woman whose baby was due at the beginning of the year.

In a wider social sense Kylie believes that "there

**"The (university) environment is not made for kids... you don't realise that until you have a child."**

needs to be more support for pregnant women and new mothers. I was really aware that there's not much out there." Most of the support groups are set up for specific groups such as those women considering abortion, young women or unmarried women, unfortunately as she didn't fit into one of these groups Kylie felt she missed out on vital emotional support.

Despite the difficulties none of these women regret the decision that they've made in having a child while being at university. When they talk to you about their children a smile glides across their face, they tell you about how having a child has made them grow, how it's taught them what is really important. It is for these reasons and so many more that parents are able to add to the knowledge and experience base at university, and it is for these reasons for which they should be actively encouraged into a university environment, for the good of us all.

## women's groups

### kids on campus

You may have noticed as you walked around campus that there are posters up shouting Hey Mum! Hey Dad! Our group was formed to look at reducing the discrimination student-parents experience at ANU. We are looking at the current level and type of child care on campus, raising awareness of what student-parents go through at ANU and pushing for a central administrative body at ANU to deal with student-parent issues. All this plus creating a social support network for student-parents. So if you want to be involved in student-parent issues see you at the next meeting of Kids on Campus on Monday 20 May 1996 at 1pm on the Bridge. Contact Helen Kinmonth on 2474970.

### female international students

A big Hello to all Female International Students!! If there is anything you'd like to know or chat about issues related to females on campus, please feel free to call Renu on 2492770. She is a post-graduate student at ANU and is also the International Women's Officer for the National Liaison Committee, ACT Branch. Alternatively, if you are a resident in a Hall, you could get in touch with the international female contact persons at your very own hall. There is also the International Education Office to which you can turn to for such information and help. You don't necessarily have to have a problem before you go looking for these people as sometimes having a chat and being aware of female issues on campus can be an eyeopener. So, don't hesitate to take such an opportunity we are here for you.

### women on campus

For those who have been on campus a while you may or may not know a WOC is the cute chick you sit next to in lectures. Well, she is a woman on campus and that is what WOC is: it represents all women on campus. It is a social group which holds picnics, breakfasts and runs the Women's Room. It is also a group that provides support for women, and helps them to gain access to the necessary help if they need it.

Generally we get together, have tea and coffee, and talk usually in the Women's Room where men aren't allowed.

We do have big picnics where men are invited. WOC doesn't want to exclude men totally. WOC just like to have time without men, like men have their time with the boys. That sounds a little trite but it's true. If you want to know more then come along to the Blue Stocking week PICNIC on Thursday.



## undergraduate sex in the 1930s

By Joan Jenkins and Larissa  
Shihoff

My grandma went to university. I get the feeling she was a bit of a babe during those days. Although a *babe* in the 30's was probably a little more narrowly connoted than today. In fact, I think the *look don't touch* — *sugar and spice and all things nice* ethics ruled supreme, but good girls were still in varying extremes. At least my grandma was never a coined a "blue stocking". According to her that derogatory term was left to the female nerds at University — for those females who had either preferred to be studious over sexual, or had been simply void of sex appeal altogether, having no choice in being confined to their studies. However the undergrad/under the blanket side of university life did exist in theory.

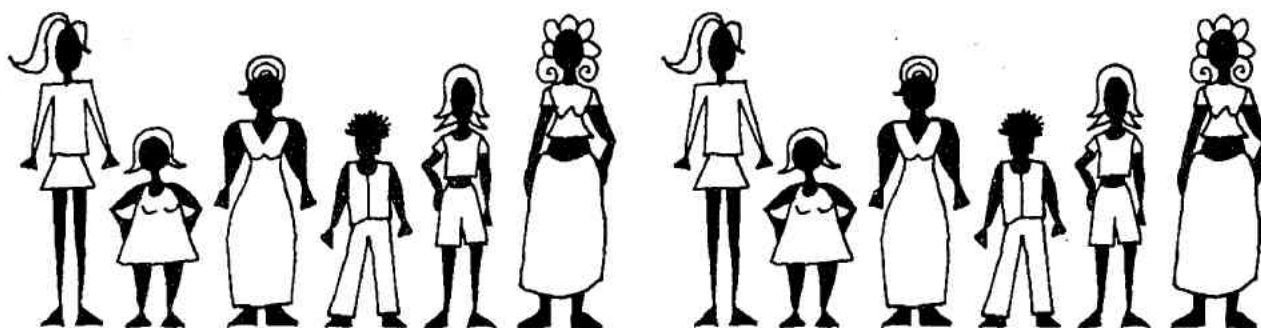
"I was 16 when I enrolled in Arts at Sydney University. Despite the fact that I had five brothers I was completely innocent (or ignorant) in sexual matters and the boys I had partnered socially were no better informed. It was not long before this became painfully apparent to one of my platonic male friends. He organised for my theoretical education in the sexual field by borrowing personally the 12 volumes of Havelock Ellis' *Psychology of Sex*, volume by volume, from Fisher Library to save me the embarrassment of fronting up myself. Then all was revealed.

The ratio of males to females at the University at that time was about 10:1. A lively young Miss with pleasant looks had no lack of invitations — sometimes seven different beaux in a week! There was very little pairing off and practically no long term relationships. Balls were very popular social occasions, and typically pairs went in parties of 10–30. The accepted etiquette was to dance the first and last dances with your partner, but circulate for the other dances. Your partner always escorted you home, usually on public transport as cars were only for the really wealthy. 'Good Night' was a fraternal peck on the cheek at the front gate.

How did couples restrain themselves? Well couples indulged in "petting" but in the main, nothing more passionate. I can only remember two occasions on which I had to 'defend my honour' and both were older guys, not university students, and both Americans temporarily in Australia. Perhaps the following factors mitigated against further indulgence:-

- \*The morals of the day
- \*Being raised with strict church teachings
- \*Contraceptives difficult to obtain and ignorance in the use of them
- \*Very few young students owned cars, and most still lived with the family

*continued on opposite column*



# International Women In Education

By Renuka Mahadevan

**T**o put things in perspective, let's first look at the commonly used phrase, "To have your cake and eat it too". Basically, having the cake refers to opportunities that women face in education and career. Eating the cake refers to juggling the roles of career and family life. Among women who come from various countries, cultures and society, the phrase then becomes a relative concept because both aspects of the 'cake' vary in their ease with which it can be carried out.

The benefits of 'having the cake' would in general be similar to all women. These include being held in high regard within society, help raise the profile of women, being a role model, ability to mix confidently with males, financial independence etc. But how much of the cake can women successfully have?

In some countries like Singapore, there is for instance, a quota as to the number of female students that can be accepted to the medical faculty at the university. More interesting is the positive discrimination towards male teachers in this city state, where the males are given monetary incentives if teaching is their first chosen profession! But why?

In Japan, although sex-discrimination became illegal since 1985, it is still indirectly practised. This is done through two groups — Composite Work (sogoshoku) and General Work (ippanshoku). The former includes possibilities of transfer to other states as well as promotion while the latter doesn't entail any transfer and has minimal opportunities for promotion. It's little surprise that almost all females are employed for general work and very few of them get to be in the other group with most men who have had the same education.

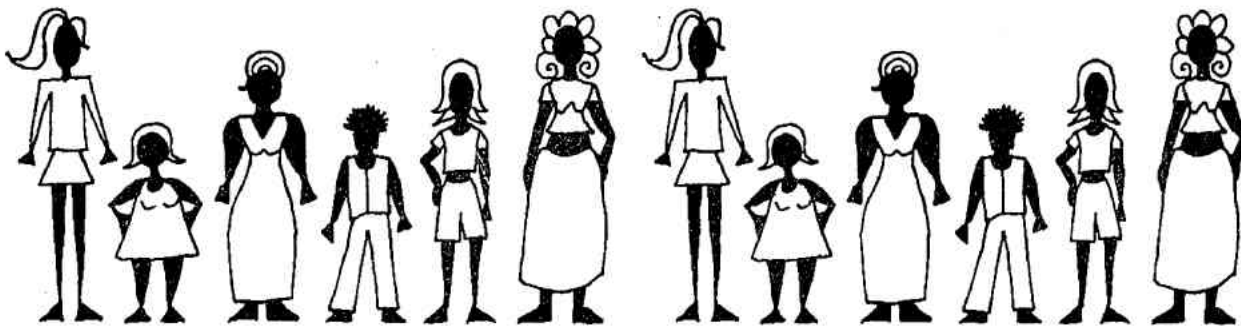
In Macau, employers are allowed to specify gender requirements for the jobs they advertise and again, its almost always males that are wanted for senior and managerial positions. In Thailand, the notion of a male being a better worker is said to stem from Thai Buddhist beliefs — only males are encouraged to be priests and its always been males who have been able to reach the *Nirvana* stage. Where does that leave the women who have not been given that equal opportunity?

In other countries like China and Sri Lanka, educated women have accepted the 'fact' (some fact it is!) that in some professions, males are preferred and thus more easily employed. There is no reason, or worse still no place for women to fight for their rights. Although these women seemed to have a long way from not being given any opportunities, to being discriminated today, there is still some way to go before even the very idea of equal opportunities can be implemented, let alone heard or discussed.

**Parents are often pressured by society to get their daughters married off as early as possible... the notion that being married is better than having a good education is ingrained in the minds of these people**

Within the family, it is common to find that parents, especially from developing countries, may not be willing to spend as much on their daughter's education as they would on their sons'. Why? This is due to parents' concern that their daughter may not be able to "eat the cake" at ease. But more so because, they feel that there is no real need for their daughter to have the cake as their husbands would be looking after them. These parents are often pressured by society to get their daughters married off as early as possible so that their duty would be over. The notion of being married is better than having a good education or career is ingrained in the minds of these people. Since men marry down and women do not marry up, the choice of men for an educated woman is narrowed down drastically.





Even if some women have had their slice of their cake, with how much peace can they eat it with? Regardless of how well educated or successful a woman is in her career, there are societal expectations as to how a woman be it as a single person, wife or mother should be. I am not of the opinion that the latter aspect is dependent on the former but it sometimes seems to me that the society is less forgiving or understanding towards career women. There is just so much to prove. Firstly, to be able to fight against all odds, to be given the opportunity to get an education; secondly, to be given a chance at a reasonably good job; thirdly, to have a successful career (this might mean being able to survive in a male-dominated field or simply wanting to be taken seriously as a professional); fourthly, to be a good wife and mother (this by itself is a full time job which one has to manage with another full time job —unbelievable!), not just for yourself but from the societal point of view; fifthly and most importantly, be happy coping with all of these. Why do women, especially from Asia

and other developing countries have to try so much harder for every one of these?

But to be fair, there has been some progress made in that, the number of women who have been able to "have the cake and eat it too" has risen in many such countries.

However such numbers are still small. In some countries, there is a need first, to enable women to "have the cake" and then the second need, of enabling women to "eat their cake" has to be addressed.

To be aware of these issues is only the first step of understanding the position or in some cases the plight of deserving women. I certainly share the optimism and hope that many more women will be able to have their slice of the cake if the support which is needed at the institutional, societal and family level is provided.

Lastly, success means different things to different people. So to all you women out there, define what it means to you and work towards it, bearing in mind the numerous limitations.

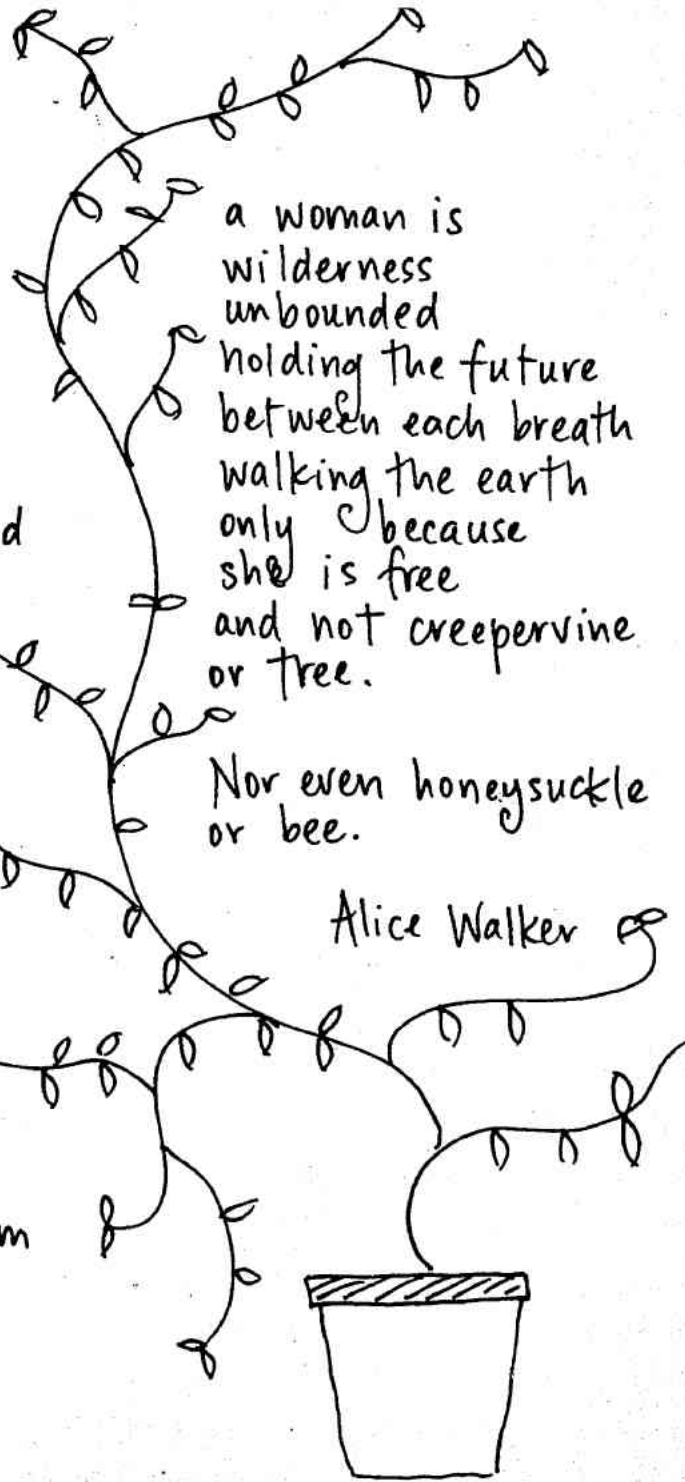
### A WOMAN IS NOT A POTTED PLANT

her roots bound to the confines of her house

a woman is not a potted plant her leaves trimmed to the contours of her sex

a woman is not a potted plant her branches espaliered against the fences of her race her country her mother her man

her trained blossom turning this way and that to follow the sun of whoever feeds and waters her



a woman is wilderness unbounded holding the future between each breath walking the earth only because she is free and not creepervine or tree.

Nor even honeysuckle or bee.

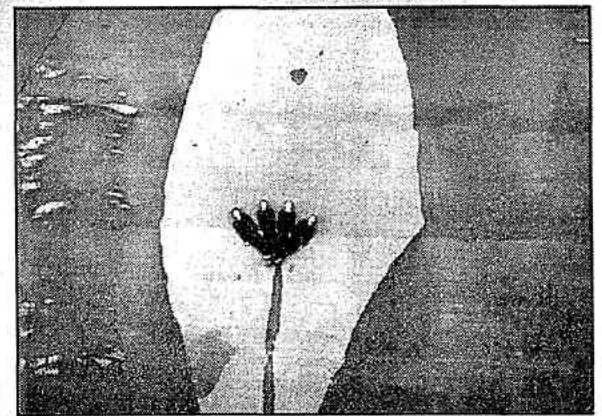
Alice Walker

#### \*Fear of pregnancy

For women the threat of pregnancy was horrific — an unmarried mother was an outcast, even shunned by her own family, and the stigma remained with her all her life. Abortions were prohibitively expensive, mostly performed very secretly by untrained personnel with fatal consequences for many patients.

There were undoubtedly a few women who slept around. These were viewed as amateur prostitutes and were not socially acceptable. Many young women went to the altar as virgins, many others went into engagement as virgins but developed monogamous sexual relationships with their fiancés. Undergraduate sex? There was very little of it in the 1930's.

Undergraduate sex in the 90's? A definite abundance. But quantity of sex is still an issue under public scrutiny especially in relation to women.



body art?

## sexual harassment

### what you can do if you are harassed

know your rights — while some forms of sexual harassment is unlawful others are only contrary to university policy.

speak up at the time — make sure you say "NO" clearly and firmly.

keep a record such as a journal and any letters or notes received. Note the dates, times, places, witnesses and the nature of the harassment.

tell someone — either a fellow student or colleague. If you can find out if others have been harassed by the same person and if they will support you.

identify an advocate who can provide emotional support and inform you of procedures.

write a letter to the harasser. The letter should contain an account of what happened, including the date, place and a description of the incident, a description of how you feel about the events or behaviour and finally, a description of what you want to happen next.

Contact the Committee Against Sexual Harassment CCASH on the sexual harassment phone line 2493595 or make direct contact with a member of the CCASH panel.



## safety on campus

Rather than becoming a victim to the various rumours and realities that surround the campus at night a cool happening chick on campus is aware of the safety precautions she can take (other than filling grandma's carpet bag with a brick that is)...

### personal safety

The first thing to remember is the common sense rule of avoiding lonely or gloomy places — especially at night.

Try to always walk with a friend or stay with a crowd. Be alert and walk purposefully. Confidence deters attackers.

Be wary of strangers, on foot or in cars, asking directions—it's better to be rude than in trouble. If someone follows you change directions and go to a place where there are other people. Respect your intuition. Don't allow rationality to override your sixth sense—it could protect you from danger.

Consider taking a self defence course (see opposite column)

If you're on campus at night, use the campus bus service (details below) or contact ANU security (telephone 2249) to be accompanied to public transport, your car or halls and colleges.

### taking public transport

Know your timetables (see timetable below) to avoid long waits.

Avoid lonely bus stops — keep to open, populated areas in full view of vehicle and pedestrian traffic.

Phone for taxis rather than hailing them. Sit in the back seat on the opposite side to the driver and don't disclose personal information.

### taking your car

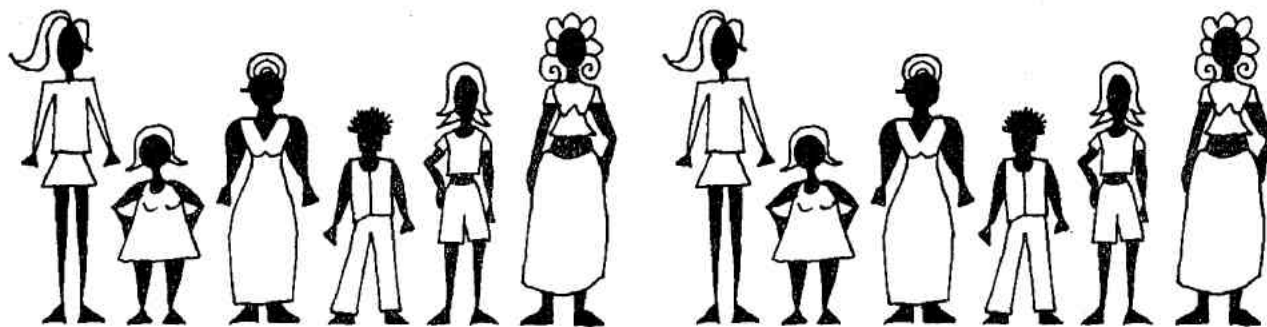
Park in well-lit areas.

Hide any valuables from sight and lock your car. Set interior light to switch on when the door is opened.

Walk confidently when returning to your car, with keys ready to open the door (be prepared to use them to jab the attacker).

### security services

The University's Security Section is located (after hours) in the Security Office at University House. Officers patrol the campus and are on-call round the clock to deal with inquiries and provide assistance and support.



# Discovering the Real Uni Experience

by Ingrid Clues

Is it just me or does the word University conjure up a specific collection of images in most minds? For just the mere mention of the word causes for me a mental motion picture to begin for the audience inside my head. It consists of monks gliding along hushed corridors dimly lit by vivid streaks of sunlight, clusters of students sprawled upon lawns of vivid green exchanging philosophical arguments for the latest historical insights and a crowded lecture hall of intent faces mesmerised by the soaring words of the young handsome near genius professor below.

Such a clichéd inner cinematic experience is obviously the result of my romanticised view of Medieval history, an almost reverent love of the movie 'Dead Poets Society', and an overload of American T.V. dramas set on lush University campus created by a certain Hollywood producer responsible for making the Beverley Hills Zip code more memorable than your own phone number. Of course I realise such commercialised and idealistic notions of University are exactly that, commercialised and idealistic, however after living in England for a year and visiting such hallowed institutions as Oxford and Cambridge my ideas concerning the exultant and noble domain of higher learning seemed confirmed. Those glorious old buildings and manicured gardens breathed the very secret of wisdom. Such impressions however were completely shattered of course after I actually started attending University.

Now despite the fact that ANU has no impressive examples of historical architecture, nor as a matter of fact any real redeeming buildings of a more modern variety either, it is still quite an attractive, open campus with even a few vivid green lawns. My first initial appraisal of the place as a wandering, partly lost first year was a positive one, boosted by what appeared to be a strong social and communal vibe displayed during 'O' weeks market day. Appearances can be deceptive however and such hopeful expectations evaporated as I realised how small and insignificant a fish one is in such a vast and often oblivious sea of creatures. I spent much of that first year just paddling around getting used to the water temperature.

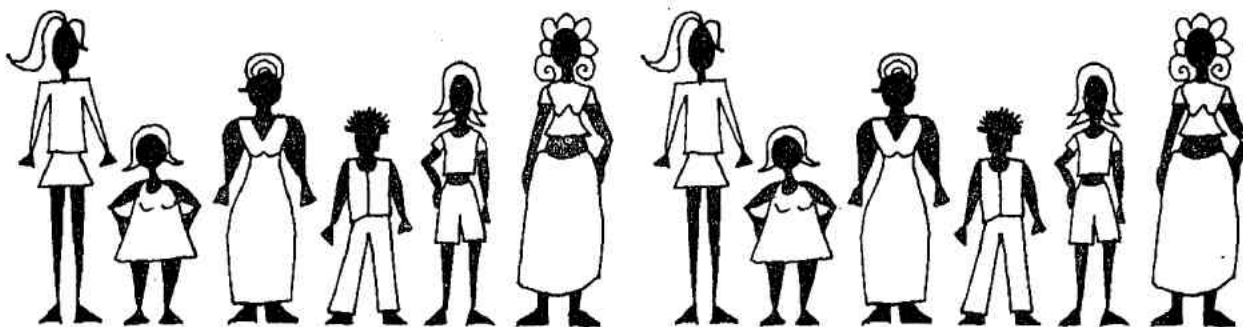
One incident I remember which contributes considerably to my early University occurred in my first

lecture in the Manning Clark building (the subject and content of which I've forgotten and is therefore rendered irrelevant). After entering the lecture theatre and randomly picking an aisle seat (close enough to look interested yet not close enough to be considered a mature age student) I turned and introduced myself to the guy beside me. Surprised, he glanced at me quickly and gave me the gift of his name. Before I could engage him further in witty small talk he abruptly asked, in what can only be described as a scornful tone of voice, whether I always introduced myself to the people I sat next to in lectures. Muttering something about having to share the same space as him for the next hour and hence wanting to make

**Markets on Thursdays, frisbee games and the little band of lunchtime musicians who play for their own pleasure are just some of the scenes that contribute to the quality of life that students are envied for having**

It as pleasant a 60 minutes as possible, I ended our brief acquaintance smaller but wiser. Being a fast learner, for my next lecture I even put a seat in between myself and my neighbours, meanwhile observing the many similar gaps created by my fellow lecture-etiquette conscious students. Another rude awakening from my dreams of University sublimity occurred after encountering the ANU's library system. After asking direction to the library and being told I had a choice of a few I was overawed and had visions of a resource collection so impressive it needed many buildings to hold it. My helpful friend's tip about not entering through the heavily disguised exit door of the Chiefly Library should have warned me to think again.





Libraries generally have a sterile feel about them, however, the ANU's seem to have a particular frigidness encasing them. Maybe its the dark ominous shadows created by the looming rows of books, or the lack of soft, plush chairs that make you want to curl up with a good reading brick, or perhaps its the so-easy-to-use it's terrifying computer system that is the cause of my library angst. Whatever the reason, I find it a little ironic that the underground library collection has been titled *The Hope Store Bliss*. Surely there's little to be hopeful or blissful about in a room without windows...

Now academically, things were not looking much brighter as once again the reality failed to meet the fantasy. Lectures were rarely given by young let alone handsome professors, my early tutorials were brimming with pauses and polite coughs rather than shared insights and passionate discourse while I found that trying to discern the differing demands of each subject and tutor was torturous and futile. I would hand in work having no idea what letter of academia's selective alphabet it was worthy of — P, C, D or that elusive couplet, HD.

So those early months were filled with uncertainty, disillusion and a bad case of library avoidance. My moods became highly dependant upon a) whether I'd found a car park in the first 20 minutes of arriving within the Uni grounds, b) the chance of getting a cheese and spinach triangle before the Bakery had run out and c) the whim of the daily weather patterns which could transform Union Court into a concrete

wasteland and make the Uni Bar appear dingier than usual.

However being a lover of happy endings let me just stress that although I've painted a bleak and hostile picture of my First Year World, my new experience was also kept refreshed by the acquisition of new, interesting pieces of knowledge (such as the fact that some Eskimos resolve their disputes through singing competitions rather than violence), and a growing awareness of the relaxed, liberal atmosphere that almost seeped unnoticed through the campus and surrounded me. Markets on Thursdays, frisbee games and the little band of lunchtime musicians who play for their own pleasure as well as for lucky passers-by are just some of the scenes I remember that contribute to the social and the leisurly quality of life that University students are renowned and envied for having. On sunny days the appled green lawns are littered with people engaged in animated conversation not unlike the students of my idealistic mental picture.

So although my first year at University did not reach my medieval/Aaron Spelling inspired expectation, it did introduce me to the liberating lifestyle that I'm sure is healthy and for ones body, mind and soul. Actually once you get the hang of it, University is not so overwhelming after all, and I think for my first lecture this year I'm going to introduce myself to the person in front of me as well as the one beside me! *Carpe Diem!*

At night you can contact security on 2249 or 9 from any internal telephone to arrange to be accompanied to public transport, your car or college.

### campus bus service

ANU security co-ordinates a free campus bus service at night. During semesters the buses run between 5.15–11.28 pm Monday to Friday. The bus service covers the campus, including carparks, halls and colleges.

The bus service is in two way contact with ANU security so if you ring security the bus will wait for you before it leaves.

Timetables and route maps are available from Security, the Student's Union, halls and colleges and Faculty Offices.

### emergency call points

An emergency call point is located outside the Uni Bar, it is clearly sign-posted "ANU SECURITY EMERGENCY PHONE". Pressing the call point intercom button provides instant communication with Security. This is a call point for emergencies only.

emergency telephone are located on each floor of the Kingsley Street car park.

## hiii-yaah!

### free self-defense workshop

How would you like to go to a fully-subsidised self-defence workshop?

It will be short, practical and FUN!

**Date:** 18th May, 1996

**Time:** 9am to 1pm

**Venue:** Function Room 1 at Burton and Garran Hall, Daley Rd

**Dress:** Comfortable casual wear

All those interested please get in touch with Renu on 2492770 (during office hours) to secure a place as soon as possible, for the session caters to limited numbers only.



Miss Piggy recommends the "twist and pull" defence manouvre

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# rebecca

by Heaven Muecke

"Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are," sang the queenlette as she reached out of her window and plucked one from the sky. "I wish with all my heart for a very good looking mate, with a strong jaw, handsome features, sensual hair, a good dose of self confidence, as well as an honest nature, and most of all a broad, rippling chest."

The star looked perplexed and replied:

"Don't judge a book by its cover. The shiny outside usually disguises the lack of depth within."

"I am too beautiful to accept anything less. Grant my desire, you wicked, obstinate star."

"Your ugliness is well hidden, your royalness," deduced the celestial body.

Though, unleashed, it was a force to be reckoned with. The soft, delicate hands betrayed themselves as they began to turn in opposite directions, twisting, squeezing, stretching, scrunching the pain-ridden star, but it would not give in. The last thing it saw of this life — was the horrific image of cruel teeth, drawing nearer, and nearer, and nearer, whose pleasure climaxed as they sunk into the succulent flesh of a dead, finally obedient, star.

Licking the last drop of liquid blood from her middle finger, the queenlette grinned with expectation. She sat down at her night table, picked up a ebony hairbrush, pressed it to her scalp, and pulled down, down, down, and pulled down, down, down. The long, flaxen hair sat in a sea around her. She let the fine, golden strands caress her untainted flesh. She lightly wiggled her head from side to side, luxuriating in the slight, tickling sensations. She began to weave snow white pearls among her fountain of blonde.

The arched door lightly slide open.

"I'll be outside in the garden if you need me. Be careful, my friend," warned the old crone. "But it's my only wish."

The elder woman hobbled out.

In the by and by, the queenlette heard a rich, husky voice, deeply calling her name from the earth below. She gracefully lifted her arse and glided over to the French windows, tastefully glanced down, and her breath was taken away.

The fine specimen stood handsomely in a paddock of petals, yellow and blue, glistening with the reflection of his perfection.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in," sang the mate.

The queenlette taunted, teased, mocked, teased, taunted, thoroughly enjoying herself, and then firmly planted her feet on the ground.

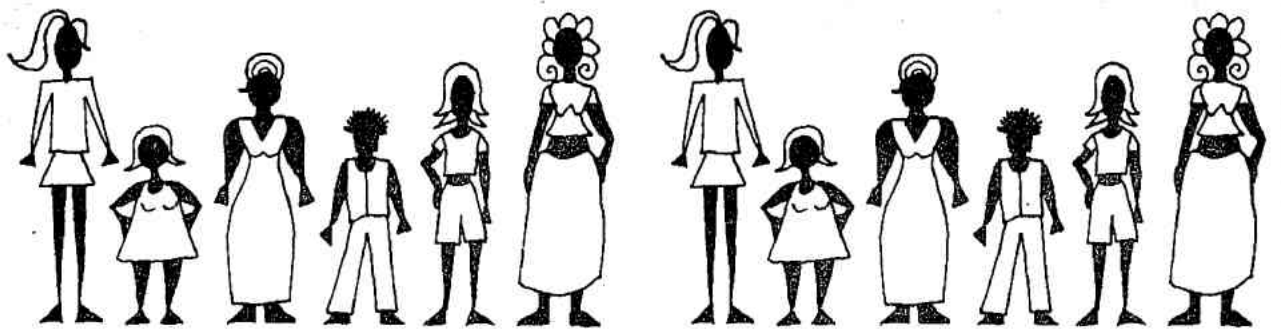
"To be worthy of me, you must first apologise for your past sins." She was no longer smiling.

"I humble myself before you, and beg for your forgiveness," sweetly sang the mate candidate.

"We'll see," uttered her highness.

She gently gathered her majestic locks and slowly fed them through the open window, until they trickled onto the coloured carpet, tickling the bare feet of her ideal mate. He roughly began

*continued on opposite column*



# Women and Work

## do we really have equality?

by Natalie Zirngast

**T**raditionally, Bluestocking Week on campus is held to celebrate the participation of women in education. However, as well as celebrating, this is also a good opportunity to step back and look at the current position of women in the areas of education and work — what has changed for the better and what has stayed the same, or even got worse?

On the positive side, more and more women are now entering higher education and women now make up a higher percentage of the work force than ever before in Australia. There is equal pay and sexual harassment legislation and EEO (equal employment opportunity) legislation in place when hiring and promoting staff, the result of the gains made by the second wave of feminism in the 60's and 70's. Women also have a greater consciousness of their rights even if many don't identify overtly with feminism.

So, amongst this rosy picture of seeming female equality should we all breathe a sigh of relief that things are not the same as the old "at home with the kids and the sink" days and get on with fulfilling our high flying positions?

But, wait, there's more...

### Education

To start with with women in education, although there is higher participation of women this is generally not reflected across the whole range of subjects.

According to the Higher Education statistics from DEET, almost twice as many women as men take Arts subjects, whereas in Engineering, the ratio of women

to men is approximately 1:7. Over twice as many women as men study Education, almost three times as many women study Health, half as many women as men study Agriculture and Architecture and two women to every three men take Business studies or Science. Over this broad range of subjects, the pattern starts to emerge — to a greater extent, women who study at higher education level are studying in traditionally female dominated areas.

Higher education funding is continually being cut back, affecting all students. In the period between 1982 and 1992, total enrolments in higher education have almost doubled, while funding per student has been cut by almost one fifth, meaning larger classes and less resources. The looming introduction of tertiary education fees (which have already been introduced for many post-grad courses) will particularly disadvantage groups that already have more difficulty gaining access to education such as women, ethnic minorities, and those on low incomes. HECS is also disadvantageous to women, as many are expected to continue paying this off into their sixties!

### Work

Once women get out into the workforce, the same kinds of patterns are perpetuated, with a whole lot more besides. Australia has the highest level of occupational gender segregation in the OECD. The majority of women workers are concentrated in only three sectors of the workforce — clerical, sales, and services, and gender segregation increased in the decade up to 1988 according to OECD figures. Even within these areas, women are concentrated in low-status low paid jobs with limited promotion prospects. Despite increases in women's employment participation rates, 82% of women workers today are employed in the same few occupations that 84% of our great grandmothers worked in during 1911!

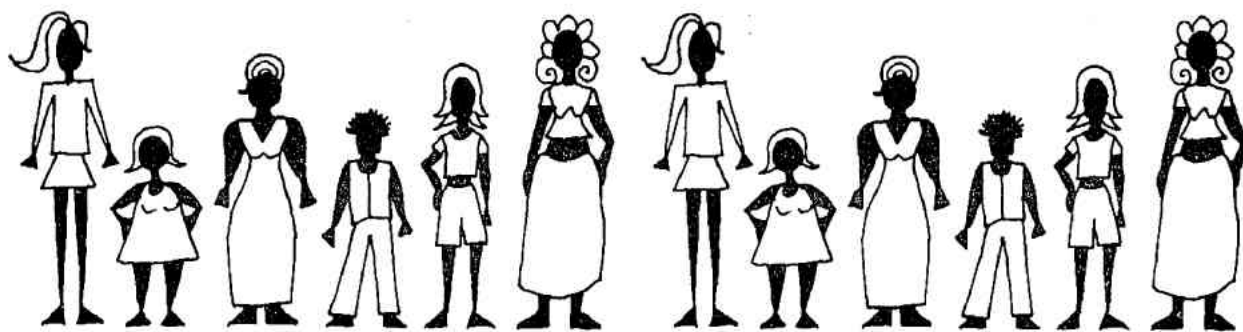
Now for some more figures — in 1994, 6.7% of women were managers and administrators, 13.4% were classified as professionals, 6.6% as paraprofessionals, and 3.7% as tradespeople. 30.6% of women were clerks, 23.6% were salespeople, 2.6% were plant, machine operators and drivers and 12.7% came under the category of labourers and related workers.

There is also no opportunity to reevaluate the wages women receive as undervaluing of traditional women's work relative to traditional male areas has been maintained by the national wage — fixing system, which prevents the raising of a comparative worth case such as happened in the US in 1983 when a secretaries job was assessed as being of similar worth to that of a truck driver.

Women also make up the bulk of part-time and







casual workers, with 75% of women in part-time employment according to 1994 figures.

On average there has been a 20–22% fall in award wage rates since 1982, and since the majority of women workers have the lowest levels of pay due to their areas of work, their part-time and casual status, or often both, their real incomes have declined faster. The introduction of enterprise bargaining, which disadvantages most workers also targets women in particular. Enterprise bargaining has given employers more flexibility — to cut back permanent full time

### Is there something inherent in having periods which makes you less suitable to become an architect or work in a trade?

positions in favour of part time or casual positions for women, to get rid of penalty rates and to extend and shorten shifts without adequate notice. Women are likely to fall even further behind in the job stakes, since with deregulation of employment comes greater inequality — this is shown by evidence from OECD countries which show less wage inequalities in more regulated countries, and is already happening in Australia.

Women workers are also less likely to be unionised in areas of part-time and casual work, during this period where union memberships are declining anyway due to concerted attacks on wages and living standards that the unions, weakened under the Accord have not prevented.

Child care for working women is still expensive and demand far outstrips supply, women still do two thirds of all unpaid household chores when unpaid household work makes up 60% of Australia's GDP. We may have an increased number of "femocrats", women in high positions and government, but for the majority of women, things are not improving, in fact they are slowly worsening.

#### Ideology

So, what's going on?? Is it biological? Is there something inherent in having periods which makes you less suitable to become an architect, or work in a trade?

Why are there such blatant inequalities in women's participation in education and work?

These questions can be answered by looking at the ideology of our society that still continues to perpetuate a particular view of women's abilities and role.

The gains that women made in the sixties and seventies are currently under attack, and this has been termed the "backlash" against women's rights by US feminist Susan Faludi who wrote a book of the same name. *Backlash* ideology is used to justify the erosion of women's services and even to promote the idea that feminism has gone too far and is now making women unhappy. The media promotes the traditional role of the family and women's role within it by stating that women who try to have both a family and a career are miserable and dissatisfied, as are their children who are 'abandoned' in daycare centres, in

order to put pressure on women to return to the home and the sink. In our society, women are still channelled into traditional areas, the areas of being carers, teachers and administrators because it is still projected through the school system and society in general that women are better at communication and interpersonal skills rather than rational scientific enquiries.

The backlash rears its ugly head in many forms. Some deny that it even exists, some make comments to the effect that women's position in the labour market reflects their legitimate preferences, others criticise feminists as half crazed extremists who are just whingeing about nothing since we have equality now anyway.

Many sections of society perpetuate backlash ideology, and its not enough just to throw bits of legislation such as equal access to education, equal pay, EEO, and anti-sexual harassment at the problem, hoping this will change things all by itself, without educating people so endemic sexism can't continue to be perpetuated through the institutions of society.

"Where?" you say, in this age of political correctness its hard to find overt examples of sexism. However, it doesn't take much to scratch the surface.

I spoke to Justine, a highschool student who is studying Electronics. She's the only girl in her class and is thinking of dropping out due to being constantly picked on by both the students and the teacher. Girls in her school are encouraged to do history in preference to commerce or geography, and girls are still being passed over for recognition in science and maths areas. I must admit, things haven't changed that much since I went through highschool. If this is the sort of discouragement women are still facing in the school system it's no wonder that most don't go on to study in non-traditional areas.

In workplaces too, everyone is aware of the legislation, but that doesn't mean that sexism is nonexistent. At an EEO training workshop I heard about recently, all the men in the group said the right things, but during lunchtime they said that they would slap their girlfriends around a bit if they got out of line. So, legislation and surface "political correctness" are not the answer to solving the problems of women's inequality.

Can we expect the government to change things for women? Well, Labor was responsible for the erosion of many women's services, and I don't think the Liberals and Uncle Howard with their emphasis on "the family" are going to improve things for women. It's obvious we're not going to get any help from whatever government is in power, so women need to act collectively and get organised to fight back, if we really want to see a lasting change happen. Maybe we need a third wave of feminism! As with anything, education and action combined are the key to creating change. Bluestocking Week, IWD (International Women's Day) marches, and other forums need to be used to inform people and develop alliances between large numbers of women so that we can't be ignored when we make our views heard. To get involved with organising the Canberra IWD march next year, or for more information on what can be done, call 2472424.

the steady climb to the fairy tale castle in the sky. He used the hard, round beads as stepping stones, hiking his bulk up with the help of the fine, delicate hairs. Up above, her highness struck an inviting pose and watched. Slowly, the offer was regretted. Her plastic smile crinkled in the corners, creases appeared on her forehead, a storm welled in her eyes, as her head throbbed, and throbbed, and throbbed. The weight of this man began to split the pampered threads of hair. Droplets of scalp blood trickled from the roots and began to minle with the onslaught of tears. Crack crunch, crumble, POP; the ivory pearl stepping stones disintegrated, hitting the ground in chunks; with the soundtrack — kerclunk, kerclunk, kerplunk. Strands upon strands of gold were torn out, as the icon frantically tried to terminate his climb, before he too, crunched to the ground. Over-stuffed clouds spun around, and around, and around his head. Nauseously, he grappled to maintain his hold and continue to claw his way up through the suffocating pillows. Splish, splash; he felt cold, wet drips upon his chiselled face. As he looked up, he witnessed the last image that he would see with seeing eyes; two ripe clots of haemoglobin smashing into his eyeballs, blind as the three mice, he became. A stream was fast turning into a river, flowing from thousands of hair holes; that had lost their fillings. The absorbent, white clouds, saturated in thick, red blood, could no longer hold their weight, and let loose on the innocent, pretty petalled earth, the red staining the yellow and blue; orange and purple. The distorted mess of a faceas howling obscenities at the tragedy taking place: her hair, hair, hair, her precious hair, hair, hair, was no longer there, there, there, no longer there, there, there. Her place in history was mel-ting.

The elderly crone, alerted by the piercing shrieks of man and woman, rushed into the queenlette's towered bed chamber. Froze. Assessed the situation. Grabbed her pocket-knife and hacked. And hacked.

The two women watched the vanishing corpse of the ideal mate, as it fell through the sticky clouds, reached the earth, broke in two.

The queenlette turned to the mirror, mirror on the wall, she was no longer the fairest of them all, she'd been tricked into believing that she was. "Why did I listen to a babbling looking glass?" "Rebecca, you are only beginning to realise that you have the strength needed to break the boundaries, erected throughout HIStory."

The queenlette turned towards her saviour and her eyes lit up in gratitude. Ignoring the knarled, old nose, the crusty lips, the hollow eyes, the crackled skin; seeing only the "kindest" of them all, she lent forward and planted a warm kiss on the worn, leathery cheek.

"Merci" she whispered, lowering her shamed eyelids.

The crone sat the queenlette down on the love-seat, and as she nursed the disfigured head back to health, she lulled it with a soothing tune. In the by and by, the queenlette heard a rich, husky voice, deeply calling her name from the earth below

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in." sang the next candidate.



# SEX TOYS

**W**hy spend the night alone in front of the television watching some crappy show you don't even like, just because your boyfriend/girlfriend/hamster is busy writing letters to their favourite washing detergent companies? All over the world, people just like you are doing it by themselves, with some handy help from Mr Duracell (you just can't top that copper top!) and the latex lover of their choice.

From the glassy-eyed view of a fantasy love doll, the population can be classified (according to their opinion of the use of sex toys) into three categories. Firstly, there's those who see little distinction between the softly humming latex/plastic lover that spends its 'days off' in the bedside drawer, and the snoring, moaning, mumbling species that spends its days off in slightly less savoury, if known, locations. Then there is the group that most of us qualify for; they like the Real Thing, but in those proverbial sexual Saharas, they can, when-push comes to shove (pardon the pun), deal with a little titillation from Tim/Tess the Tool Man/Woman. And finally there's those who shrink in horror at even the remotest suggestion of romance with anything other than Mr Right, most certainly not Mr Rectal Rigger. But deep inside, no matter how they protest, the temptation of a quickie with a lover who doesn't smell, snore, sweat, whine, fumble, cheat or complain is almost overwhelming.

Like most other socially taboo subjects, sex toys, (or marital aids to those of us with a legally bound and recognised bonk) hold incredible fascination and curiosity for the general public. An illustration of this is the rather large number of people who sheepishly volunteered their services as 'research assistants' on our journey of discovery to Adam and Eve for the purposes of writing this article. However, the thought of rocking up to the store with hundreds of bug-eyed followers, each out to expand their education, did not lead me

**Have you ever been bugged by a Tripple Ripple Butt plug? Invaded by an Anal Intruder? Or maybe, delighted by a Dickstick? If not, and don't feel ashamed about it, then this is the article for you; the Woroni Guide to Sex Toys and Associated Products.**



to believe we would leave a good impression on the patrons of the store.

Perhaps the first question that would spring to mind when considering sex toys would be "who actually buys the things?". Contrary to popular belief, it is not small fat men (or women) wearing raincoats, sneakers and 3 day growth that venture forth into the world of wind-up willies, but rather any person you could bump into in Garema Place on a nice day; it takes all ages, all types and all preferences.

But, let's get down to the juicy stuff. To begin at

**“... many [vibrators] came with a suction cup attachment to firmly attach the base to a solid foundation, whether table, wall or nose cone of a Boeing 747 is up to the individual.”**

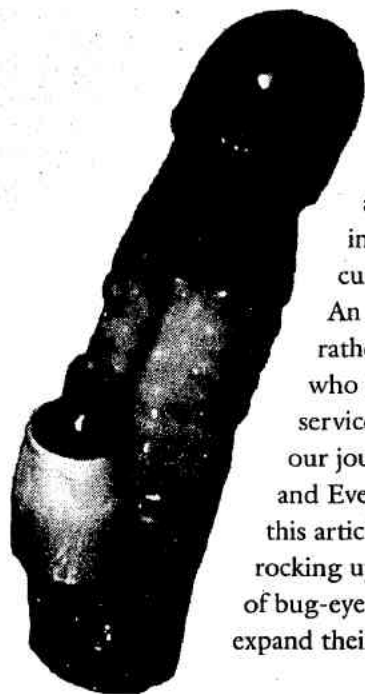
the beginning, what defines sex toys, what are they and what the fuck do those strange looking things found in the back of Cleo magazine do?

Vibrators are, according to Adam and Eve staff, the most popular item sold from the range of marital aids, and therefore, the most logical place to begin the investigation. Vibrators are dildos with a twist, quite literally: they twist, quiver, shake, vibrate and generally jiggle around as much as possible in a confined space. Vibrators (or vibes for those who go for cool abbreviations) come in a variety of categories, colours, shapes, and most spectacularly, sizes. Smaller hard vibrators, as shown above, are recognisable as the particular Tool of Choice for porn movies, presum-

ably because of that delightfully familiar buzz, guaranteed to uplift any monotonous soundtrack. Indeed, sometimes the connotations of that buzz alone can be enough to hit the spot. And that is precisely what these are for; to get the parts that penises somehow bypass; more specifically, for clitoral stimulation (ugh, how clinical that sounds!). Although I would love to enlighten the confused on the precise logistics of this, I feel the mighty hand of the censors would less-than-gently chastise me, so use your imagination.

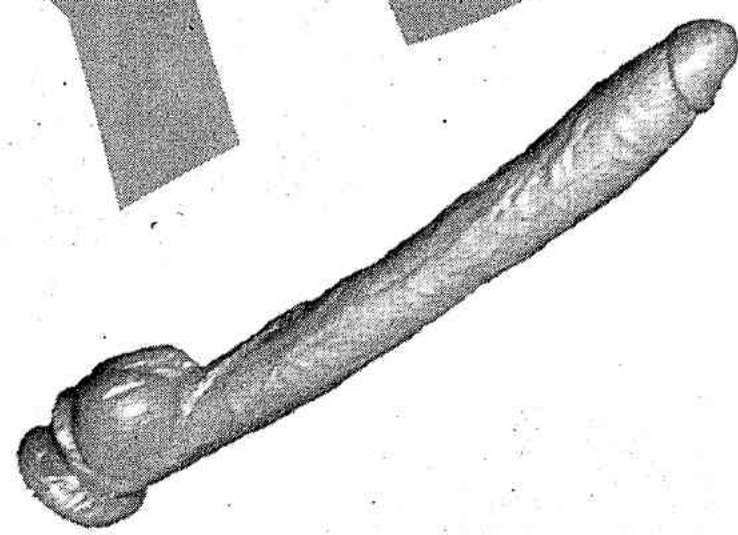
Soft vibrators are more for penetration, and I was most amused to see that many came with a suction cap attachment to firmly attach the base to a solid foundation, whether table, wall or nose cone of a Boeing 747 is up to the individual. The variety amongst these was absolutely astounding. You can go for the "So Real you Won't Notice a Difference" options, which are dubiously enormous phalluses, in proportion to the poster columns in Union Court, modelled directly from some Casanova, (who is usually pictured on the box wearing wet white Y-fronts), including veins and wrinkles. We assumed that the gentleman in question had a cast taken of his wedding tackle in full splendour and glory, although the observation inevitably was made that he would have to have sustained an erection for several hours to achieve the fine detail - an interesting thought. And for the woman or man of specific tastes, one is offered the option of circumcised, uncircumcised, black or white, likewise for a wank with the works, look for the ones with squirt action - fill it with your favourite sperm substitute and pump away.

Alternatively, the really game (or biologically foolhardy) can attempt to do the wild thing with a





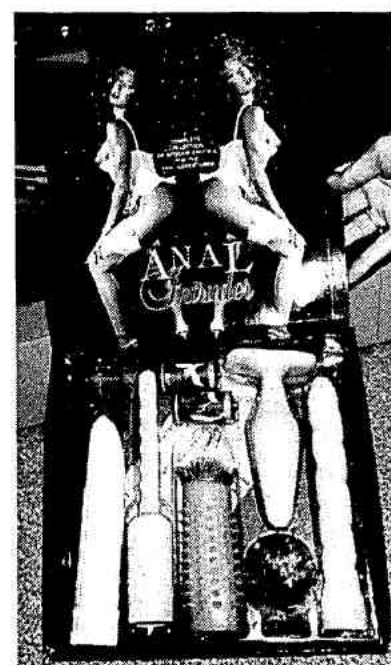
# YS



# mmm

dildo of truly Biblical proportions — estimated at around one metre in length and bearing an uncanny resemblance to a door snake, with about the same weight (see picture). A fantastic way to pick up a bonk in the Private Bin - simply shove this down your trouser leg, maybe leave the tip peeking coyly out the top of your sock, and reel 'em all in. The staff admitted that most of these are bought for the shock value, although we wondered about those who failed to make this category. It would make a great weapon — a crack across the back of the head with this and you won't be going anywhere fast.

The more adventurous individual can also merrily mix'n'match — a hard vibrator which can be fitted with soft rubber/latex 'sleeves' in a range of shapes,



from the plain ole' ribbed to the Crown of Thorns Starfish lookalike. It's a bit like Sizzlers; complement your well done beef with a wide range of tempting bits on the side!

Double barrelled vibrators are the most anatomically confusing objects I've ever seen. The Pearl Bird (hailed as the Rolls Royce

of vibrators) is an impressive merger of a bloody enormous dildo, complete with pink dancing beads in the shaft, plus something shaped like a sparrow attached to the to tweak that special spot. In fact there's a definite trend towards using animal shapes to get those hard-to-reach bits; popular shapes included dolphins, koalas, fish and something that looked like a cross between a ferret and a possum. What specific fantasy this caters for, I don't know, although it could be vibrator manufacturers' attempts to crack the coffee-table-ornament market. Who knows, there may be great potential for Dildo Desk Lamps — invite your close friends around, admire the furnishings, then mount the lamp. Not only that, but these shapes are invariably in lurid pinks and greens, with sexy glittery bits in the latex; it's a shame this artistic expression will rarely see the light of day.

And for those who like to make use of two conveniently close orifices, vibrators such as the Swedish made 'Over and Under' are "the total tool! For total touch front to back!". I fervently hope that one size fits all; a badly made one could permanently alter the anatomy.

Enough on vibrators - fascinating as they are, the Wide World of Wicked Willies is unfolding before us, and revealing the alternative sex toys, for the daredevil seeking something more than an electronic 'wham-bam-thank-you-man/ma'am'.

Balls. As spake the Queen, "if I had 'em, I'd be

King". And indeed, with the wide selection of eggs, balls and beads available, her regal rumpy pumpy could have altered the monarchy we know and love forever. For the common woman and man, these creations are as satisfying as they are spherical — choose from a Vibrating Egg, Thelma's Grapes (multi-speed and battery operated), Duotone Balls, Anal Beads ... the list is endless. The basic principle is that these can be popped up the orifice of choice and left there to vibrate or roll around merrily with a minimum of supervision and maximum of stimulation. Or according to one source, you can stuff them up your bottom, then, at the crucial moment, pull them slowly out for an "earth-shattering orgasm". Sounds like something David Copperfield would come up with, although pulling shit-covered beads out your arse does not generally endear you to others, especially if you do it in public. I've been told of amusing stories the ultimate party trick, whereby chains of these marble sized beads are made to vibrate across flat surfaces, and bets are made as to which one

"... imagine trying to sit on a 2 foot high, overweight Smurf "

will reach the edge first. And the Church still insists that masturbation dulls

the mind and imagination! Admittedly, vibrators are designed more for women than men, but there's a special item to tickle his fancy; the Robo Suck, "this is a breakthrough in auto suck machines, it gently glides up and down the penis to give the best oral". Look Mum! No hands!



The most astounding objects in the store (apart from gargantuan dildos) were Butt Plugs. I kid you not; these apparently sell like hot cross buns at Easter, both to heterosexual and homosexual customers. Shaped like elongated toadstools, these are available as Non-Skid (and presumably Skid), and in a range of sizes from comprehensible to downright impossible. Imagine trying to sit on a 2 foot high, overweight Smurf. Well, that's what it's like. It is a widely recognised fact that the anus is definitely smaller than the vagina, yet nothing in the dildo category equalled the width and shape of these objects. I acknowledge that I am not exactly the most astute person when it comes to figuring the technicalities of these, but their shape suggested that it would be a lot easier getting them in than out. This could become a new party game - Tug of War with the Butt Plug. Fortunately, they also have a convenient handle at the base — a lack of this precaution could lead to yet another party game; Hunt the Butt Plug.

One of the more discouraging features of vibrators and dildos is the lack of anything to really get a good

grip on. This is where the inflatable sex dollies step in— for those who prefer a face to gaze onto, or hair to pull as they lambada, one can enjoy sex with a silent stranger equipped for all eventualities and tastes, even names to be murmured in the heat of the moment, such as Jessica Love, and Big John. The advantage of these heads and dolls is that those impossibly tangled positions can finally be achieved, although make sure that if you tie the legs around your face and handcuff yourself to its nipple rings,

you can extricate yourself after the show's over. After all, we don't want the girlfriend/boyfriend to have to cut Mr Stud off your body with a pair of scissors after finding

**“the potential for misuse (of penis enlargers) is enormous, and could leave you with a penis shaped like a boa constrictor digesting a hippo”**

you shaped like a granny knot on the floor of the bedroom. Boxes containing the ‘fantasy love dolls’ also came with a clear and easy to understand diagram of how the sucking/blowing mechanisms work, and I quote;

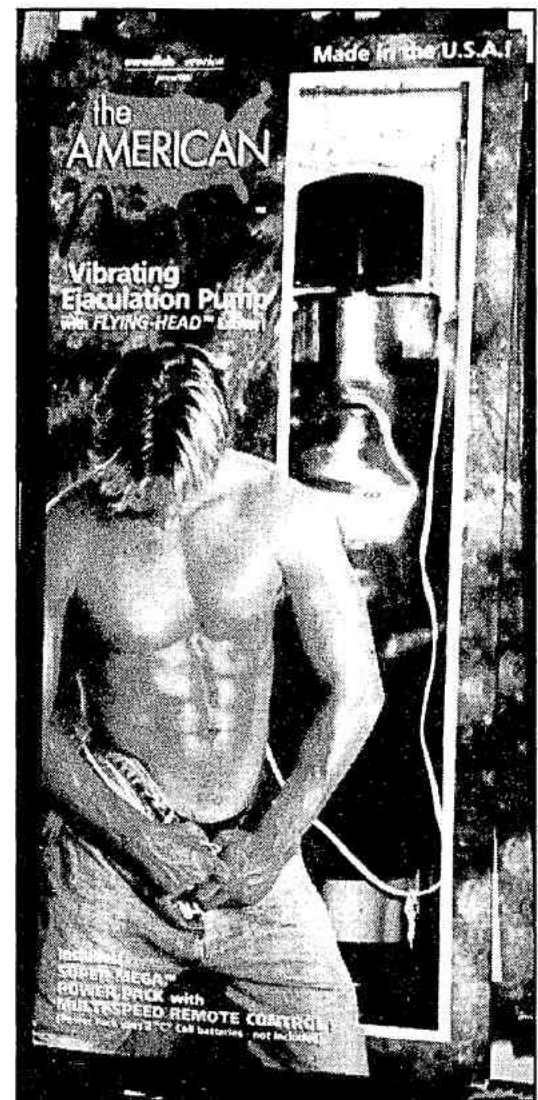
“This life-like mannequin head features:

- 1- Vibrating device
- 2- Battery holder
- 3- variable speed control
- 4- vacuum suction pump
- 5- oral love entryway with soft latex lips
- 6- deep latex lined mouth
- 7- soft-n-sensual thick hair
- 8- sexy crystalline eyes”

Mmmmmmm, how could one resist!

Leather, chains, whips and paddles feature very prominently in many a midnight fantasy. While many of us would balk at the idea of sharing our beds with a machine, most harbour a secret wish that someone would overpower them, handcuff them to the bed and bonk them ‘till their brains rattle. Don't shake your head, sales figures speak louder than words! Handcuffs are great fashion accessories, and go nicely with that black rubber suit and studded jockstrap, provided, of course, that you empty your bladder before wrapping up, otherwise speedy application of Vaseline and a large shoehorn may be called for.

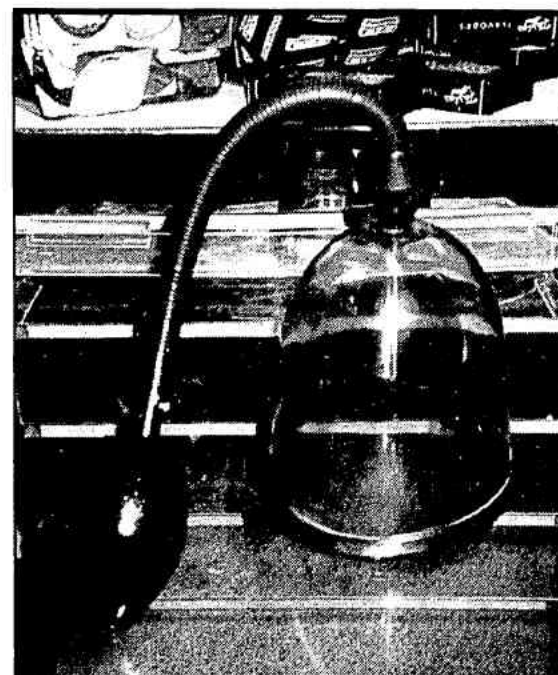
And just in case any male are feeling more than a little inadequate next to the penis pythons, there are penis enlargers. No longer do you have to tie your instrument to a 20 kilo weight and swing off Commonwealth Bridge — the San Francisco Pump will “give you the results you've only ever dreamed of”. These contraptions work on the belief that Nature abhors a vacuum, therefore, by creating one around your willy, natural law dictates that somehow, you WILL fill that space. A cautionary note warns; “always



remember, TAKE IT EASY”. Not surprising really, the potential for misuse is enormous, and could leave you with a penis shaped like a boa constrictor digesting a hippo.

The humble condom occasionally enters the fray, the leading competitor being the illustrious French Tickler, which resembles an electrocuted porcupine on a bad hair day, but provides the poke of the century, assuming of course, that no errant tentacles get stuck in those hard-to-reach corners.

Regretfully, we have just scraped the surface of this mind boggling and genital pounding world; to look any further would definitely require hands on experience, and unfortunately, the Woroni budget does not make allowances for \$2000 worth of dildos and permanently grinning editors. Therefore, we leave up to you, the intrepid reader, to fill out the last seventeen chapters of this exploratory novel; all you need is 24 hours worth of battery power (you don't want to run out at that crucial moment), a lockable room, loads of lube and the conviction that you'll try anything once. Then strap on, wind up, clip on, lie back, and enjoy the ride.



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The latest in interactive journalism, Woroni asks YOU to write a short (25 words or less) piece on what you believe this little tantaliser does. The most original and imaginative entry will win a MYSTERY PRIZE! So hurry, this is a prize you will cherish close to your pink bits forever



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- Monday (lunch only) — \$5 steak; \$5 seafood basket
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### Club Opening Times

- Monday and Tuesday 11am-11pm
- Wednesday 11am-12:30am
- Thursday 11am-2am
- Friday 11am-12:30am
- Saturday 11am-2am
- Closed on Sunday



## the ferret squeaks

### And Terror Stalks the Shelves

There is a certain image, a mirage of university life that holidays, and first term holidays in particular, always evokes for me. It is the postcard-perfect snapshot of uni students lounging on verdant beds in the middle of University Avenue; this lovely, lonely campus given over to gowned graduates, posing with their families before creeper-encrusted backdrops and frolicking carelessly in their HECS-earned freedom; someone asleep by the suspiciously clear water of Sullivan's Creek, dribbling on their biology text-book whilst a cyclist rides past, tennis racket protruding from her backpack, delivering with an orthodontically impossible radiance the most perfect of smiles.

Take up this postcard, gingerly, uncertainly; finger its stiff and glossy cardboard elegance, and then—tear it, violently, angrily, asunder. Do not be deceived as you wander down a curiously vacant University Avenue. It is said that the deserts teem with life, if only you know when and where to look. So the academic tundra of university during the holidays in reality conceals a profusion of burrowed, hibernating undergraduates. Watch. Beneath an impossible blue, throughout the uni's abandoned autumnal expanses, they leave minute traces. It is not the lecture theatres but the libraries and the laboratories which hide them. They scurry into the university's warm places as the sun begins to rise and slink away again under the cover of dim, orange lights. And as if they are in symbiotic unity with a communal student meta-mind, a single, pulsing beat reverberates within them all. They keep their heads down. Their eyes are furtive; hunted. Terror stalks the shelves of Chifley and every student feels it.

Listen. A single word echoes hollowly across the lonely steps of Union Court, a whispered dirge as dying leaves eddy empty in the wind:

*Assessment.*

There is a peculiar sort of despair which overtakes students around this time of year, a desperation about the mountain of work not done and the increasing improbability of ever reaching its summit, which tends to manifest itself in a very peculiar form. It is not revealed as a rabid frenzy of desperate (if hopeless) activity, nor as a more quiet kind of resigned and almost dignified despair, but rather as a kind of giggling carelessness, an almost joyous celebration of the amount of work not done which can be fairly disconcerting to the uninformed or unwary.

A quote from the film, *The Freshman* perhaps most appropriately encapsulates this mood: "There's a kind of freedom in being completely screwed." That freedom emerges over the successive weeks of postponement and procrastination; the classic stages of denial ("Sure, I'll have another beer. Essay? That's not due for three weeks/days/hours yet"); guilt ("If only I hadn't spent those two weeks in Bali"); anger ("Bloody graduates and their bloody mortar-boards"); and finally resignation ("I'll just defer for six months and re-do Eco III ... again"); and is finally realised as an absolute and categorical lack of concern, a pathetic, rather disturbing twitching all that belies this otherwise stable and healthy attitude to complete academic self-destruction.

And, naturally, it becomes a source of pride. In the peculiar competition that emerges between students who collide, heads down, amidst the shelves of short loan and face off, sizing each other like warring scarabs, there is a real sense of victory in being able to claim the least achievement. The loser slinks away, back to the essay only one week overdue, while the winner stalks triumphantly off with very little chance of ever graduating at all. Isn't this kind of strange? We valorise those who spend six months of their thesis year "firming up a topic" and two weeks of it in frenetic, caffeine induced hallucinogenic writing. But would we want to do it ourselves? We say "I have so much work to do", but aren't we really waiting for an implied "no, it's all right, I have even more."

For aren't we all searching, perhaps without even realising it, for some sort of cure? Isn't it here, in this temple of learning, that we can finally teach ourselves the lesson which our lack of organisation so clearly demonstrates? Surely there is only one solution to this problem; one answer to this continual and time-honoured students' riddle. Listen. You can hear it calling. The mythic haven we all of us are looking for, and so tragically few ever manage to find; the single means of escape, the panacea of all our assessment anguish; it is reverberating beneath the poplars, between the shelves, beating in the student meta-mind like the banging of a hollow drum.

*Extension.*

*The Ferret would like to bea his lecturers for just a little more time on his extension while he continues to firm up a topic.*

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## champagne charlie

### Oh, for a bigger drinks cabinet

Do you find student politicians (tipsy unwitting accomplices inveigled onto tickets like myself excluded) really, really irritating? If the answer is a hearty "I'll drink to that!", please read on.

Woronifactors were a bit miffed at recent office-space reallocation (a topic to which I shall return), but have on the whole done a little ranting and raving, had a few stiff drinks and settled back to work. Fair enough? Well, what's to be done, cast a protest vote at the next SA election? Well, why not? Student politicians are in a uniquely vulnerable position because so few people bother to vote, apathy on campus running so high that even beer stacking won't guarantee results anymore.

Ordinarily, this makes protest votes to joke tickets useless - but only because joke tickets scatter their preferences to the breeze, not to each other. How can one fix this? Even an mildly mulled-wine mind-muddled fop like myself can see the solution: a conspiracy of joke tickets. Get three jokers together, serious about seizing power from Lib/Lab/Leftie student polities, and have them set up totally different joke tickets drawing off divergent "friend" and "club"

based votes - then all they need to do is artfully exchange preferences and hey-presto, you have one super-joker ticket ready to sweep aside the paltry primary votes of student politicians and their cronies. The Conspiracy presidential candidate could run a ticket, the conspirator's preference for Treasurer another, and so on. "Wouldn't work," you cry, "they'd never get a majority on the Student Representative Council" - to which one answers, so what? The Executive controls the bank account, and if they truly-ruly wanted to blow the annual budget on beer (or dry white and cheese nibbles for those so inclined) they could, before anyone'd have the chance to stop them.

Which brings us to a case in point: office renovation. Let's be fair - putting the Association administrator in a more "friendly", better-able-to-serve-the-public position is a worthy goal. Wether such a location is to be found exclusively in the (old) Woroni office is, perhaps, debateable. Wether it can be done solely at the expense of a new partition, two new doors and two new windows,

and giving Woroni the lions share of all space available might also be debated. (Though now its done I'm lobbying our gracious editors to add a drinks cabinet, wine cellar and bar to the deal). Fundamentally, however, there are few checks on what the executive can do, if they can agree amongst themselves. All up, though, I say - well done lads and pass the drinks cabinets! Here's to the mighty intellect of student polities and long may they reign. What can we say about our executive? Well, defamation barred let's stick to nice things. Our president has a nice smile. Our Treasurer has a charming first name (Daniel, fetching isn't it?). And our General Secretary has a waistcoat or two worth pinching (if one's tastes run that way, as mine do). Politically qualified colossuses (collussi?) all. Hurrah!

(Alternately, anyone wanting me to help them set up a pollietopping conspiracy to storm the SA Office in this year's Festival of Democracy need only drop a bottle or two of Chenin Blanc in at the new luxurious Woroni office, they'll know where to send it.)

## science and technology

### Virtual Cinema

Earlier this year the ANU Film Group installed the latest in digital surround sound technology, technology that no other cinema in Australia had. Dolby laboratories at the time of the film group's order was just shipping two of its latest computer controlled sound processors to Australia. These were the first in Australia, one became a demonstration model the other was purchased and installed for \$55,000 at the ANU Film Group. The significance of this technology residing at the ANU is that it is the first single analog and digital processor to be installed in an Australian cinema, a considerable achievement for a voluntary university group.

When the equipment arrived it was more than just a simple exercise in moving around a few amps and putting in the new equipment. The installation required acoustic panelling of the cinema to remove what sound engineers on the job described as bad sound reverberation, caused by the unusual shape of the Coombs lecture theatre. Computer software enabled the sound technicians to remove any old sound reverberations in the theatre and map out where the seventeen normal and surround speakers should go. These speakers are made by JBL, the world's best cinema speaker makers and another technical addition to the film group's sound. Ten of these are

surround speakers, three are stage speakers, and four are huge 18 inch sub woofers.

Digital sound allows the sounds made by a film to surround and move around the cinema, hugely increasing the visual enjoyment of a film. Making the visual image on the screen sound like it is moving to the audiences left or right, or right over their heads. The digital sound equipment enables this through six discrete sound channels, allowing six different sounds to happen independently of one another rather than through the old single surround channel. Three of these come from behind the screen, left, centre and right, two from each side of the cinema, left surround and right surround, and four sub woofers, 'for low bass you can almost feel', making up the sixth. Digital also gives sounds a wider dynamic range, meaning soft and loud sounds are amplified with a clarity not possible with analog.

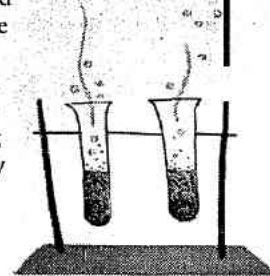
Another reason the film groups sound is so good is that its stage speakers use bi-amplification and it has the equipment to produce the huge sounds of cinema. Bi-amplification simply means that each tweeter and woofer, the low and high frequency producers in a

speaker, respectively, have their own independent amplifier. Before bi-amplification, each speaker would only have one amplifier, splitting the amplification and reducing sound quality and control. The film group's amplifiers can also produce up to 7200 watts, with each of the sub woofers capable of producing 113 decibels, the threshold where a person would feel pain is 120.

The film groups emphasis in making ANU the best place to see a film was stated clearly by President and head projectionist Craig McGill, "[t]he ANU Film Group's brief to the sound technicians was to make our cinema the best in Canberra, and I believe they have done so". A feat many who have been to a digital screening have been eager to agree with, for quite simply the best place to see a Dolby digital film is at the ANU Film Group.

Robert Umpelby

**DOLBY STEREO**  
**DIGITAL**  
*is here*





## Universal Unionism

For the first time in my brief journalistic career, I am going to write a serious column. An article with not only a serious message, but with some intellectual fibre thrown in for good measure. I'm not going to just make cheap jibes about political adversaries (though I will do at least that, it's essentially what I'm here for), and I will state from the beginning that I am coming from the position of someone who believes in the closed shop, in the principle of Universal Unionism. I prefer to call it that rather than Compulsory Unionism because the word 'compulsory' carries anti-democratic overtones, whereas I sincerely believe that strong unions are a sign of a truly democratic society.

Are you still there? We're all at university now, and shouldn't be afraid of a little sustained analysis. Anyway, this is where it gets interesting. The 'Iron Bar Club' (yes, we all know who you really are, and your case would be much stronger if you stopped hiding behind infantile pseudonyms) has fired the opening shots of a campaign against universal student unionism with a series of poster-runs. This fact in itself is no great surprise, what with a Howard government and all. No, that which really strikes me (and causes me a great deal of amusement) is the tone of the campaign.

To explain why I find this campaign so amusing, I would like to draw a parallel between it and that of a popularist dema-

gogue of the conservative mould (small business, shopkeepers, no taxes, etc.) who came to prominence at the beginning of the decade as the head of a secessionist movement in Northern Italy. Umberto Bossi, launching his invectives with a great deal of spittle (as is his wont), used to declare: *Vinceremo perché ce l'abbiamo duro* - We'll win because we've got hard ones. He would also speak threateningly of 'Oiling up' his Kalashnikov if he didn't get his way. Now I don't believe anyone who has read this far fails to see the phallic references implicit in Umberto's speeches. The man ran a national election campaign centred around his own penis and won. He not only recorded a landslide victory in the north, but destroyed a parliamentary stalemate that had both characterised and partly caused the stagnation of Italian politics ever since the end of the Second World War.

So where does the Iron Bar Club come into it? Upon seeing their posters I was struck with the most extraordinary sense of *deja' vu*. Here was an obviously potent young Aryan man with a large pair of shoulders carrying an iron bar and threatening hell and high water. Surely, surely, here was a man with a truly magnificent penis. But why? Why would the Iron Bar Club be so preoccupied with such a thing? Alas, the answer is depressing as it is obvious.

Here is a bunch of ideological pirates that intend to destroy all the democratic struc-

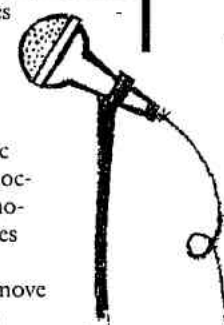
tures that they cannot control. They cannot (though they have tried many times in the past) control an organisation that houses the directly elected representatives of one of the most discerning constituencies in Australia. The Student Union. So what do they do? They will try to tear the place down. Their campaign thus far reveals a mentality that is the very paradigm of a swaggering, Mussolini-esque Fascist ideology, and their instrumentalisation of the unpopularity of the current Students' Association office bearers shows how little respect they have for the intellectual strength of the undergraduate population as a whole. Everyone knows what VSU will bring, and nothing a small clique of brats who never got over being taunted in the playground for being too fat will change that. The only thing that I really feel towards the members of the Iron Bar Club is an overwhelming sense of pity for what must, in the final analysis, be a bunch of desperately unhappy people.

But I was going to write an article with intellectual fibre. Alas, I have strayed. Apart from the fact that to build and run the type of infrastructure required to run an operation of the type that we see on campus it is necessary to have a quantity of capital not available through a voluntary structure, the underlying question of VSU is one of democracy, and a specific interpretation of democracy. Everyone wants to live in a democracy, and now that we're here we

should be happy, right? Wrong. Those that would have us believe that democracy is an irreducible concept are kidding both us and themselves. The 'ballot-box democracy' - i.e. a society in which you turn up to vote once every three years and then go home again, thinking nothing more of it - is no democracy at all. The citizens of such a society are, in a manner of speaking, in breach of their unwritten democratic responsibilities.

Unions in general, and student unions in particular (given the history and culture of intellectual inquiry at universities) are almost uniquely participatory structures paralleled in this aspect of their identity only by certain types of NGO's. The 'democracy' that opposes universal unionism is, in fact, democratic totalitarianism. In such a 'democracy', a single monolithic 'democratic' superstructure dismantles and actively discourages any organisation that attempts to move into the legitimate democratic spaces that exist between it and the individual. The fact that we are automatically co-opted into such structures when we enrol at university in the same manner that we are co-opted into the Australian state at birth is neither here nor there. VSU is a step away from democracy, not towards it.

Bitter and Twisted.



## Can there ever be peace in the middle east?

The PLO and Israel seem to be moving ever closer to a peaceful resolution of their problems. The PLO's renunciation of its previous aim to destroy the state of Israel is but the latest step in the peace process. Yasser Arafat is now confident there will be a Palestinian state before the turn of the century.

Peace seems near at hand. Unfortunately the reality is somewhat different. For a start, Israel continues to occupy part of Lebanon and the Golan Heights. Israel last month launched a brutal attack on Lebanon to further the interests of Peres and his party in forthcoming elections, hardly the actions of a

peace-loving government.

Secondly a Palestinian state based on the West Bank and Gaza Strip would be an economic bantustan of Israel. Having a Palestinian state would not end mass unemployment and poverty for the Palestinian people. Such a state could not even begin to address the problems of the 5m Palestinian refugees in camps in neighbouring arab states.

Peace is not at hand. The forces which have created poverty, misery and dispossession for the Palestinian people still control the region.

Any long term solution has to go beyond

the question of Israel and Palestine. Peace in the context of a democratic, secular, multicultural state which recognises the rights and cultures of all who live there is not an impossible dream. However none of the players presently on the stage in the Middle East has anything to offer. The situation is the creation of western powers on the one hand and the failure of a left dominated by nationalist and Stalinist politics on the other. To build a strong socialist working class movement in the region capable of sweeping away the brutal dictatorships and establishing democratic workers republics (especially in Egypt where there is a large working class)

will not be easy. But it offers more hope for a lasting peace than the events of recent years. There are no shortcuts.

Sophie Singh from Socialist Alternative in Sydney will be speaking at 1 pm on Thursday 9 May in Haydon-Allen G 40 on the topic "Can there ever be peace in the Middle East?" Come along.

For more information contact John Passant on 249 4217 or write to Socialist Alternative, LPO Box A65, ANU Canberra ACT 2601.

## it's easy being green

### Deb Foskey: environmentalist, student and and pollie

In our quest for the perfect example we often overlook the most obvious, the women around us everyday. One such woman, Deb Foskey, environmentalist, student and budding pollie sits down for a chat.

Can women have it all? Can we have our cake and eat it too? Deb sips back a latte and contemplates. "That kind of thinking is a product of my generation, and to get it you have to work bloody hard - it is a bit too much for anyone to achieve. That's not to say that I am not trying to do that - I think my life has been more like good wholemeal bread!"

As typical Uni students, we are relaxing in the Gods over some coffee and beginning to contemplate women's role in the environment movement. I am keen to see if her experiences from the 70s reveal anything about how times have changed.

Like many people, Deb floated into environmentalism after spending time in the anti-Vietnam movement as an introduction to activism. She moved to Bonang in East Gippsland, in the 'going bush' fervour of the early '70s. Then logging came to her area and Deb joined the fight to stop it. "It was

very naive, all we felt that all we needed to do was to convince the Government of the economic and environmental reasons why wood chipping wasn't a good idea. We thought that once we had that case it would stop".

I ask her if she thinks the movement has changed since then. "I think a lot of spirit has gone out of the environmental movement - how can it not? Because the same issues are still there, like the forest issue, but now it has become big business and politics".

Back to the crusade. After coming to Canberra in 1985, Deb searched for her political force which she found first in the



Nuclear Disarmament Party, moves towards a Green Left Party and eventually in the ACT Greens where she ran for the Senate in the last Federal Election.

"I think people want to vote for women, in the local election we had people ignore the how to votes and put green women over green men. I think there is a perception that women are connected with nature and nurture, that we are better at the co-operative and community approach. I don't think this is necessarily true..." But does it account for the success

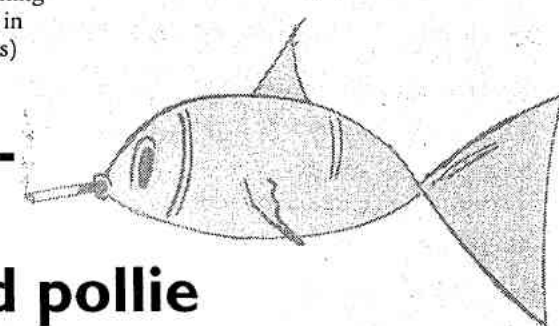
of green women politicians relative to women in Labour or the Coalition?

"Yes. In the environment movement

generally it is true that the women are the rank and file, which is a bit of a worry really, because it is just an extreme version of house wifery - saving the environment is just another job we have to do". But this has not stopped Deb in her self-confessed crusade to work towards saving the world - "there was a sense of not much time".

I ask her about feminism. "[back in the '70s] in the bush, the whole women's movement passed us by. Nevertheless we started having our own women's meetings and the boys got very upset about that, on one famous occasion we were having a meeting and the boys kept peeking through the windows to see what was going on! And when they started having their own meetings they couldn't get off the topic of the tractor!! We were sheltered from the general feminist movement up there."

What about today? "I think some older feminists feel a bit betrayed that young women don't feel the need to call themselves feminists in order to be assertive, confident and wear what they like. To me that is just a sign of how successful feminism has been, it is so much a part of people's psyche that they tend to take it for granted."





## out on a limb

### A few fatalistic thoughts

Events have a tendency to happen. We can't stop them. Such fatalistic thoughts, I think, lurk within us all. I have recently been overtaken by events. Different, thankfully, to being overrun. That's kind of good, because I'm not a topical person, but there are always events occurring to support my philosophies.

The other day I found myself a bystander to an event. Anybody live in Kingston? I was in Kingston a few weeks ago; in fact I was leaving Kingston, but was prevented from reaching my car due to the dislocated presence of a man running about with a shot-gun. You may have read about this in a more prominent journal than this one, in a more prominent column. Eventually I was told to keep to the fence-line, move quickly to my car, and drive out in a specified direction, by a flak-jacket wearing cop. As always the events I detail are pointless, it is the points they illustrate that are the point.

As I meandered over to my vehicle I wondered about what would make someone, say me (ie 20% unbalanced, but 80% law abiding), run about with a loaded firearm. Indeed, why was this man doing that very thing? A divorce or separation? Financial difficulties? Mental illness? I could imagine some guy stalking his boss, or anyone dressed up looking remotely like his bank manager. And my final question is: What the fuck do you do?

Events overtake us, and overrun us ceaselessly. Everything from overwork through info-overdose (a 'net-malady') to Future Shock Syndrome, and what can we do about it? When that sense of hopeless, lonely frustration blocks our hearing, tightens our muscles and blinds us to everything but mindless paranoia and rage and anger. We've developed an entire branch of medicine to deal with this. Increasingly acts which a court would have written off as 'caused by temporary insanity' are now being held to the instigator. If you've got a problem, see a shrink. He'll tell you how to finesse it—live with it. How to deal only with the symptoms, because the problem—financial, occupational or social is insurmountable and insoluble.

Here is where events overtake me. By now we are all familiar with the town Port Arthur, (is that in New York or something?) Tasmania. This is some kind of extrapolation of Kingston, but I won't attempt to explain it. Ask a shrink. However I can't change my opinion that we have to find ways to express our fears and our anger. If I could put it on a scale I would say that going out on a spree with a weapon would be on the 'worse' end but the only thing further down is doing nothing. What the fuck can we do? Do something. It's fucked up when society says "You don't like it, but you can't do shit." I say if it makes you feel better then let someone else deal with the problems it causes. I can't imagine, or condone ever killing a whole bunch of innocent people, but I think it's sad that we're surprised that it happens, and that we somehow can't perceive the possibility of it.

We who hate outburst and reaction and anger and sadness and love and passion. And we who cannot see irony and subtlety and innuendo and satire and humour and dreaming. We only wake up from our apathy to eat and breathe and work and sleep or to express our disgust at and expel those whom we hate and whom we cannot see. And then we wonder why events happen.

I hate Levi Jeans. Last time I changed my pants in a squalid toilet block some women came up and slapped me.

Tree-Frog

### sri chinmoy

#### THE POWER OF MEDITATION

Meditation is more than simply a way to become calmer and more relaxed. It is a means of communicating with your inner self, thereby getting in touch with your own limitless possibilities. The Power of Meditation is a FREE four-week course, covering both basic and advanced meditation techniques - and showing how they can help you in your health, your studies and any other part of your life. Presented by the Sri Chinmoy Centre, due to popular request. Where? The Counselling Centre (Union building). When? Mondays at 1:00 pm, beginning May 13, and continuing until June 3. No charge. Phone 248 0232 for more information.

### amnesty international

Amnesty International  
On Thursday 23rd of May, Robert McCorquedale, Senior Lecturer at the ANU Law Faculty will speak about the problems associated with the enforcement of International Human Rights Law. Law Theatre, 1pm. All welcome.

### anu bridge club

Bridge (and 500) on the Bridge  
Social bridge and 500 competition  
Where: the Bridge (between Student's Association and Sports Union)  
When: Friday 10th May, 2pm-5pm  
Cost: FREE  
Food and drinks (and maybe even prizes) will be provided. All welcome.  
For more details, contact Harry Greenwell at h.greenwell@student.anu.edu.au.

### car for sale

Commodore VC SL 1980.  
Reconditioned 3.3 engine under warranty. Air. Auto.  
New brakes. Very clean. Reliable - I just drove it to Rockhampton with no worries. Returning to the United States. Asking \$3400 ono. Phone 2818225(day) or 2817353 (after hours).

## clubs and societies

### socialist alternative

Socialist Alternative is a new group on the revolutionary left in Australia. In Canberra it meets every Thursday during university term at 1pm in Haydon Allen Rm G40, ANU, to discuss issues and plan activities in a friendly and relaxed atmosphere. Coming discussions include:  
Can there be peace in the Middle East? 1pm Thurs. 9 May, Haydon Allen G40. With Sophie Singh, Sydney activist. Can the fascists be stopped? With Jeff Sparrow, the editor of our magazine, Socialist Alternative. 1pm, Tues 21 May, Hanna Neuman G59, ANU. Northern Ireland - British Troops Out. 1 pm Thursday 30 May Haydon-Allen Room G40, ANU. With Simon Adams, University of New South Wales.  
For more information on Socialist Alternative or any of these talks, ring John Passant at work on 2494217 or write to Socialist Alternative LPO Box A 65, ANU, ACT 2601

### clean rivers campaign

A seminar is being planned for June 8th at the ANU. The focus will be on the restoration of river banks and revegetation of bare areas with native flora. Australian rivers are in a critical state and public input is vital to save them and the native species of animals and plants associated. Clean Rivers is conducting an education programme of bi-monthly seminars and workshops. Professor Henry Nix is the main advisor, and Dr Jo Baker, Commissioner for the ACT will open the seminar. Interested people should phone Norma Holt on 231 5398n

### anu film group

ANU Film Group Screenings  
Thursday 9 May 8pm, Road to Alice + Angel Baby  
Friday 10 May 8pm, Johnny Mnemonic + Judge Dredd  
Sunday 12 May 1.30pm, Smoke + Window to Paris  
Wednesday 15 May 8pm, The American President  
Friday 17 May 8pm, Six Degrees of Separation + Nobody's Fool  
Saturday 18 May 8pm, The Usual Suspects + The Net  
Tuesday 21 May 8pm, La Belle et la Bete  
Thursday 23 May 8pm, Queen Margot  
Friday 24 May 8pm, Wild Reeds + Savage Nights  
Saturday 25 May 8pm, The City of Lost Children + D'Artagnan's Daughter  
Sunday 26 May 1.30pm, Babe + The Dark Crystal  
Wednesday 29 May 8pm, The Madness of King George

### cad's

Campus Amateur Dramatic Society (CADS) presents the first production for 1996, Rhinoceros, by Eugene Ionesco. It is an absurdist comedy dealing with the issues of conformity. It will be performed from May 30th - June 8th at the Currong Contemporary Arts Theatre, Gorman House. Ticket Prices are \$10 adults, \$8 ANU Students, \$6 CADS members. For bookings and further information phone Ticketing Services on 239-1885 (NB booking fee applies)

### resistance

FORUM - Is Feminism still Relevant? Have Women won?  
Resistance forum will look at a history of struggle for women's rights, at what women's gains have been and what still needs to change. Check posters and leaflets around uni for room and date details or ask at a Resistance stall, Tuesday or Thursday in Union Court 12-2.

### psychology society

Next Exciting events:  
Film Night: showing Silence of the Lambs followed by Psycho. Starts 7pm Tuesday 14th May in Manning Clarke. Tim Tams and drinks provided in the break. FREE to members, \$2 to non-members.  
Pizza Seminar: Tuesday 4th June at 12:15 in Psych/Physics Building G6 - A real clinical psychologist gives us the juicy details on what giving therapy is like. Followed by Pizza Hut pizzas. \$1 for members, \$4 for non-members.



## Sodomy Then, Fashion Now

As the Sexuality Department at the ANU Students' Association, we try to find as many things for queer and queer-friendly students to be involved in. One such event that is coming up is Queer Collaborations (QC). QC is an annual event which attracts students, regardless of their sexuality or gender. Students gather from virtually every university in Australia, where they spend a week together, networking and discussing issues relevant to queer students.

For six years now, Queer Collaborations has been held in Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne. This year, QC '96 will be held in Perth (1st-5th July), with the help of students at a number of Western Australian universities. As has occurred in previous years, a number of students representing ANU will be attending the gathering.

Why have an event such as Queer Collaborations every year? There are a number of functions that QC serves. It provides support for those still coming to terms with

sexuality or gender issues. It allows students to make friends in a queer friendly atmosphere, sometimes lifelong friends. This social aspect to QC is essential to the event, and is probably most important to many of the people that attend the event.

However, QC also has a considerable political function. It allows the campus groups and Sexuality Officers (the ANU Sexuality Officers included) to discuss issues that are important to queer students politically. This networking is leading to national strategies between Sexuality Departments and Gay & Lesbian Officers, developing campaigns heightening awareness of issues such as homophobia, discrimination on the basis of sexuality and violence.

QC is a valuable resource to tertiary students, and is well recognised in the gay and lesbian community. It has now developed into a national network representing

# Queer national student network Collaborations

the needs of queer tertiary students, and is gaining considerable political weight in the community.

If you wish to know more about QC, the Australian Queer Resources Directory has a lot available. Check this URL -

<http://ausqrd.queer.org.au/QC/>

If you are interested in attending QC, the ANU social club for gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered students, Jellybabies, may be able to help with defraying costs, and billets for the week can be organised to

reduce accommodation costs.

For information and registration forms, call 279 and ask for any of the Sexuality Officers. Alternatively, drop into the Students' Association office and ask the administrator for a registration form.



Seumas Hyslop  
Your Friendly ANU SEXUALITY OFFICER

## Is Lube just a Women's Issue?

Examining Equal Rights and Equal Responsibilities

I was at a workshop this morning demonstrating how to use a condom properly. I was at that moment where I was about to apply some water based lube to my friendly banana. One of the women in this all female groups asked Does this mean I have to carry around lube as well as condoms?

It was an interesting question.

Would women now need to buy condoms and lube every time they went to the chemist? I had visions of lube sachets going *SQUISH* in womens pockets in the back of the car during a steamy session with their partner-of-choice!

What interested me more than these practical considerations was what felt like an underlying assumption in the group that carrying condoms and lube was a womans responsibility. This set off an interesting set of thoughts for me.

Should women have to carry condoms or should they assume that men will provide them? I wonder if there still exists that double standard that men carrying condoms are studs, and that women carrying condoms are easy? When I thought about women carrying lube as well, how easy would they then be??? Bit of a slippery one!!!

The discussion in this group went on for a bit and included thinking about contraception as well, not just lube. Was it fair that het men could go around bonking all the while assuming that the woman was on the pill? The answer from the group was a unanimous No!. Het men have an equal responsibility for avoiding unwanted pregnancies.

The practical voice from the group spoke up at this stage and said Thats all very well, but women have to protect themselves first. Its just as dangerous to assume that men will take some responsibility for contraception as it is for men to assume that women will always be on the pill. Many heads in the room nodded, including mine.

I guess what came out of the session for me was that dealing with sexual health matters (HIV, hepatitis and STDs) is not really all that *new*. Women have been having to deal with contraception issues for a long time, sexually transmitted diseases are just another issue to add to the pile.

So, how then can women protect their rights to safe sex (in all the senses of those words) and also facilitate men into taking equal responsibilities for matters of contra-

ception and sexually transmissible diseases?

Thats a really hard question!!!

I guess first and foremost theres the old standby of putting yourself first. But thats selfish! I can hear some people reply. Well, maybe so, but isnt it about time? By putting yourself first, I mean listening to your own values, wants and needs and then doing something about them, whilst listening to others values, wants and needs. If they match, then go for it! If they dont then negotiate!

I guess another useful strategy is to communicate, not just with men when youre about to bonk, but with other women and men, and preferably a week before with the person you want to bonk! Sometimes talking about sex can be a lot easier if its with someone with whom youre NOT just about to bonk. How do those other people negotiate contraception and safe sex? Do men expect women to be on the pill? Maybe if those expectations were brought more into the open and discussed then both men and women would have a clearer understanding of what each partner wants.

I guess that sounds easier said than done. I guess like any new behaviour it may take a bit of practice. Its kind of a bit like getting used to using condoms. At first it seems a bit awkward and uneasy. Thats how I felt when I first started in this job and all of a sudden I was in front of a group of twenty people or more showing them how to put on condoms. Now, 12 months down the track, sometimes I put them on so quickly that the class says Whoa, slow down! We didnt see what you did!

Negotiating safe sex, whether it be to avoid disease or pregnancy, is something that many people manage to do without the world coming to an end. It may take you a little while to find your own particular way for asking what you want (How *do* you ask for what you want?) but the rewards will be great. Do something good for yourself and inevitably youll feel good about yourself.

If you would like some more pearls of wisdom please feel free to give me a call for a chat. Happy Blue Stocking Week everyone!

Stephen Lawton  
Campus HIV/AIDS Educator  
Telephone 249 3604

Email [Stephen.Lawton@anu.edu.au](mailto:Stephen.Lawton@anu.edu.au)  
WWW <http://www.anu.edu.au/cis/Services/hiv aids.html>

# First Step

## A course in fun, self esteem and relationships for lesbian, gay and bisexual students.

Starts in the week beginning Monday 6th of May. Finishes 6 weeks later.

More info? Call Stephen on 2493604

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## Good News

The Students' Association has been in correspondence with the Democrats in the Senate about possible legislation which would cut the Students' Association off from the General Services Fee. Senator Stott Despoja tells us that the Greens and Brian Harradine will vote against any legislation of this sort, meaning the SA will be safe for at least two years. A double dissolution election could give the Howard Government a majority to pass the legislation, but this is unlikely to occur before the next March, by which time the SA will have received its money from the GSF. Thus the earliest the SA will run out of money will be March 1998.

Student representatives on the Board of the Faculties and I had a meeting on April 22 with the Registrar and academics from most faculties about this year's examinations timetable. I mentioned in my last report that our concerns about overcrowding were not well received when I put them to the Steering Committee of the Board, but I am pleased to say that the meeting last Monday had a more positive outcome. The Registrar agreed to demanding that each department schedule 40% of its exams in the final week of the examination period. Nothing would happen if a department failed to do this, but I think overall exams will be more spaced out, hopefully meaning students can perform a bit better this year. Law students will know that last year was the first year in many that compulsory units for third and fourth year were not scheduled on consecutive days. We were nonplussed to learn during the meeting that this was pure accident and is unlikely to happen again this year.

We are also ready to launch our campaign for supplementary exams. This year we have adopted a highly unoriginal strategy which I am confident will bring victory. Our proposal is that any student who fails a unit with a mark of 45 or above can resit an exam if they failed the unit because of a failure in a final exam. We made a judgement that any more extensive proposal would be unlikely to win the support of the academic community. If we are successful you will be able to sit a supplementary exam if you needed to pass an exam to pass the unit, but failed both. If you needed a High Distinction in the exam to pass the unit, you will have to try again the following year.

Our strategy is to argue for the proposal on economic grounds. There are two elements to this. The first is to argue that supplementary exams will assist the ANU greatly in attracting full fee paying international students. It is common sense that International students do not want to have to spend an extra year in Australia paying full fees if they fail one unit. They will be more likely to attend a University which will make big effort to get them through in the minimum time possible.

The second element is to argue that supplementary exams will help shield the ANU from the Coalition Government's monstrous spending cuts. The reality is that every failure of a point wastes at least \$1200 of the Commonwealth's money. Some points cost the Commonwealth \$1600. In addition, most students qualify for AUSTUDY by the time they finish university and failure means an additional year of AUSTUDY payments. This costs the Commonwealth about \$6000. Implementing supplementary exams will

allow the Vice Chancellor to argue that every time a student passes a supplementary exam the Commonwealth saves approximately \$7200. If only 140 students pass supps this year the Commonwealth will save one million dollars. We can argue that this is one million dollars the Coalition won't cut from the rest of the ANU's budget.

This argument will work because the ANU is terrified of having its funding cut. The Faculties are already in severe financial trouble, and this only involves a 4 million dollar deficit. At a recent meeting with the Vice Chancellor, the Minister for Higher Education Amanda Vanstone told the ANU to prepare for a cut of forty million dollars. The prospect of this means academics will be looking for anything which will save them from any of this pain. We can put forward supplementary exams as a way to do this.

There is third element of the plan which I am considering, but I have not gained agreement from other student representatives so I won't describe it as part of our agreed strategy. If there is significant opposition among students to the idea I will not pursue it any further. A massive problem we will face in our push for supps is that it takes time and money to implement a whole second round of exams in July and February. A way to get around this would be to introduce a "Supplementary Exam Levy" of around \$20 for any eligible student who elects to sit a supplementary exam. I have researched this thoroughly and such a levy would not be illegal because it is not compulsory for the award of the degree. Students could either sit the exam for \$20 or repeat the unit the following year. I am not suggesting in any way that this would be a good thing, but only that it will be necessary for us to find some money to pay for invigilation and marking of second round exams. Otherwise we will not be able to have them implemented. I think the choice for a student who fails an exam will be whether it is better to lose a year's income in the workforce and pay four hundred dollars in HECS, or to pay \$20 up front. Please write to me or come into the SA office if you have anything to say about this suggestion.

A good piece of news is that I seem to have persuaded the ANU Council that there should be two students on Finance Committee, arguably the most important Committee in the University. In February the Chair of Finance Committee told me that if the postgraduate student member of the Committee was present, I could neither speak nor vote nor caucus at or before meetings of the Committee. At the April meeting of the Standing Committee of Council I expressed my concern at the fact that almost everyone on Finance was either a Senior Officer or an external appointment who was neither a student nor a staff member of the ANU. Then the Chair of Finance said that both students on Finance Committee could speak and caucus, contrary to what he had told me in February. So it seems raising matters at Council can actually make a difference. This seems a small thing, but it can help greatly in arguing for something if there is someone else to come in with a comment if you're not expressing yourself very well.

The changes to the Students' Association office are now complete, and many former sceptics are singing the praises of the new arrangement because it has made the office a much more friendly place to enter. We have established a separate services and inquiries room for students who do not regularly come to the SA. Woroni now has a much larger space and a better work environment. Their expensive office equipment will be

much more secure because it won't be possible to see it from the corridor. I am pleased to say that we have fulfilled our most important election promise—to make the SA office friendly. This will enhance the accessibility of services and increase the quality of student representation.

## Bad News

The Coalition Government is considering breaking its election promise not to increase the HECS rate. According to reports in last week's Sydney Morning Herald, they are considering adjusting HECS to the cost of your degree to the University. This is a hideously unfair idea, because the cost of your degree to the Government has very little correlation to how much you will earn in the workforce. The Health Minister is also refusing to rule out reducing the Medicare rebate to 75%, down from the current 85%. The Head of the ANU Health Service tells me that the doctors in there will stop bulkbilling if this happens, so most students will have to pay an upfront fee to get treatment at the Health Service.

Last year the University undertook a review of the library, and on Monday the Library Committee held a meeting to consider the report of the Review Committee. The report is a great disappointment. Most of its recommendations are broad policy and process issues, and as such are unlikely to benefit students in any visible way. The submission I prepared for the Review Committee focussed on things like the lack of multiple copies of books, one of the main problems for students attempting essays in large classes. There was nothing in the Review about this. The only specific recommendation was that the opening hours of libraries without key card access be extended. My understanding is that these libraries are mainly in the Research Schools, so this recommendation will not benefit undergraduates.

I am currently working towards an increase in the number of rental bursaries available to undergraduates in the halls and colleges. The ANU already provides 35 bursaries worth forty dollars a week, but there is much greater need this year because Sylvia Curley House is no longer offering \$40 per week accommodation for forty students as it was last year. When the ANU closed down part of Lennox House it decided there was a need to introduce a scheme to help students on very low incomes, but there does not seem to be any accompanying willingness this year. The main problem is money, but I am also facing a big obstacle in the parochialism of some of the halls and colleges. Some of the heads seem to consider it more important to fill up their own places and preserve fully the collegiate nature of their residences than to provide cheap accommodation for students. One head of a fully catered residence who shall remain nameless told me recently that he/she would be adamantly opposed to rent reductions at Burton and Garran Hall because their residence might lose good students to B&G. I find it immensely irritating that the University and some halls and colleges consider their residences ends in themselves rather than a means to allow students to perform better by not having to work long hours to survive in the Canberra private rental market. My view is that if a student has to move from a fully catered college to a self catered one because it's cheaper, then so be it. I will keep you informed about how this proposal is going.

William Mackerras

## HAVE YOUR WHINGE!

### Upset?

**Fed up with the quality of your teaching?**

**Fed up with assessment?**

**Let down by inconsistency?**

**Hindered by discrimination?**

**et cetera...**

The Education Committee of the ANU Students' Association is conducting a major review of undergraduate education at the ANU. We will be producing a comprehensive report later this year and therefore need information, regarding the content, organisation and quality of teaching of undergraduate courses, from as many people as possible.

Please send your views to:

Chair

Education Committee

c/- ANUSA

Union Building

ANU 0200

or email them to: [p.mackerras@student.anu.edu.au](mailto:p.mackerras@student.anu.edu.au)

Submissions may be anonymous and need not be in writing, you can arrange to let us hear your views verbally if you like.



**B**anking Overhaul  
The Students' Association is currently conducting an overhaul of its banking procedures. The SA is seeking a higher return on its budgeted and reserve funds. A package has been negotiated with the National Australia Bank to upgrade the SA from a standard cheque account to an 'A-1 Common fund'. This will provide students with the highest possible return on their collective money. This is a critical part of the medium term plan to increase reserve funds and increase student services.

**VSU Update**

The VSU debate came to a head before the holidays when a debate was organised in the Uni Bar on the topic that 'the only good union is a voluntary union'. Radical conservatives presented lofty ideologies of individualism and liberalism. They claimed that it was an infringement of a student's freedom to force them to join a union. However, applied in such a simple and arrogant way, this is an argument against seat-belt laws and legislation to prevent underage sex.

As the Treasurer it is my responsibility to

oversee the finances of the SA with a view to the successful servicing of student needs in the medium-term. Thus it is important to respond to this ideological attack by the conservatives, by referring to the practical outcomes of VSU, and its devastating consequences for students.

\* The Union Board of Management and the Students' Association rely on roughly a \$500,000 subsidy to operate successfully. VSU would sink these two bodies, because it would take ten years to turn around this bottom line. In any case, it is questionable whether student unions should be making profits off their members.

\* When the Union and the Students' Association are wiped out student services will be destroyed. Valuable institutions such as the Uni Bar and the emergency student loan scheme will be wiped out.

\* Those few services that the university chooses to fund will be influenced by public servants from the uni administration. These people are not in touch with the student body and will not understand how to respond to student needs.

Daniel Jenkins  
SA Treasurer

## Request for comment

Student representatives on the Board of the Faculties are looking at ways to ease the burden placed on some students by an overcrowded exam timetable.

One way would be to introduce evening and Saturday afternoon exams.

If you have an opinion about this, please come to the Students' Association (Union Bridge), and leave a message for William Mackerras.

## Mistakes

**W**e all make mistakes. A cliché, yes, but while clichés are not a valid basis for art of any form, I believe them to be little gems of truth (for why else have they become clichés?), and since what I write is in no way related to art, I feel quite comfortable in using them. Ah, justification... I've been told by various sources that I'm a good arguer, and by others that I'm just plain stubborn, and yet others that I should jump off a cliff and fall all the way to hell, but none of that is the point. The point is that I can justify just about anything using the fuzzy form of logic that issues from my fuzzy-feeling head. Anything, that is, except mistakes. Or at least some of them. But that's okay because most mistakes aren't supposed to be justified — they're to be recognised and rectified and learned from. However, there are different types and severities of mistakes, and I'm going to tell you about them. And then about how most of the mistakes in my life have been associated with women... for entertainment value - yours, not mine. I shall sit here and sob. Such is the way of mistakes. "Laughed at not with" has become a credo of mine.

The first type of mistake is the common, innocent mistake - something like bursting in on a tute in a tiger suit singing "George of the Jungle" and accosting the tutor because you want brown-nose points for remembering their birthday, and then being told that they're one floor up. Or like giving a flower to an older girl you don't know except by the intoxicating havoc she wreaks on your hormones, in front of her little brother (who then proceeds to hate you for eternity), with the belief that she is single and that you actually have a chance. An hour later you find out that she is actually going out with a guy who resembles a gorilla and you never had a chance because she's the local Goddess of Coolness, and has a big mouth, and for six months anyone who looks at you can't help but fall over in fits of laughter or spontaneously combust.

Neither of these things have happened to me.

**A**nway, you get the point — both were acts based upon fallacious information but were motivated by a completely pure heart. In neither case was the act committed with knowledge that what was being done was not right, but by the same token both acts turned out to be horrendous mistakes. The upside of innocent mistakes is that they rarely hurt the transgressed party, but the down side is that they rarely leave the transgressor unscathed. A subset of the innocent mistake is the misunderstanding. The most common of these involve names, places, religions and the like, or words and phrases with more than one meaning. A good example of a misunderstanding would be meeting a friend's girlfriend and then going out with him later that night, running into a few girls, one of whom seems to be getting more than a little touchy-feely with him, muttering remarks about fidelity and honour, and then finding out that the girl is in fact his girlfriend and that she just looks very different in her tracky-daks to the way she does when she's dolled up and on the town. This has also never happened to me.

A totally separate type of mistake is the unforeseeable mistake — a mistake you make that could not be avoided because it seems outside the realm of possibilities that the act could be a mistake. These often involve unvoiced opinions or hidden fears. For instance, taking a girl who was all over you in a night club back to your place, and her freaking out and calling you a Steve Vizard-loving, tobacco-chewing crazed vampire yuppie punk and bolting out the door in a whirl of insanity even before you'd taken your coats off... turn you off women in nightclubs, I tell you.

Once again, nothing of the sort has ever happened to me.

And no, I will not take a lie-detector test. I don't believe in them.

**T**he worst type of mistake, the most shameful and unforgivable, is the dumb or blind mistake. These occur when you know what you're doing is a mistake — you've told yourself it is; your mother, the local priest, the attendant at the drive-in bottle shop, and even Spuds the neighbour's bull-terrier have all concurred, and yet you blunder on into it anyway. Like committing the articles of your obsessive love to paper and then sending them to the girl, even though you know she cannot keep a secret and will show the whole school, which she does, and then writing a second and a third letter detailing how you were merely playing mind games in the first letter and how she can go to hell. Or maybe giving a lift home to a woman you barely know who then drags you inside under the pretence that she needs to talk, before leading you to her bedroom, brazenly stripping stark naked in front of you and jumping into bed, to which your reaction is to mumble about having to be at the dentist and then bolt out the door. Or possibly asking a girl-out a second time when she's already said no once.

No, shut up! I have not been a participant in any of these events. I just have a vivid imagination...

Not Don Juan, nor Romeo, Hugh Hefner, David Duchovny, etc...

*Contrary to the rumours currently circulating, The Other Side is not a homicidal maniac but merely a happy-go-lucky lunatic. He is also always looking for a date. Replies to The Other Side c/o Woroni.*

## Clubs and Societies

Tuesday 21 May is the deadline to affiliate if you want to receive funding this year.

The C&S Committee will want a budget plan for the year and proof of total membership by the end of semester.



# In Goth We Trust: of Miranda Sex Garden and Alien Sex Fiend



Those readers of *Woroni* who have nothing better to do with their worthless lives than read the credits in the front of the paper may have noticed that in 1996 each issue has been printed with thanks to 'Alien Sex Fiend for musical inspiration and fashion advice.' Those who have been unfortunate enough to be lured into the satanic den of iniquity that is the *Woroni* office may have noticed that among the 10 *Woroni* commandments on the wall is the instruction that 'thou shalt join in worship of Alien Sex Fiend.' Those with a critical faculty may be tempted to raise their collective hands and ask: 'What is this Alien Sex Fiend thing anyway?' Not only is Alien Sex Fiend a group of people who were taught excellent dress sense by their loving mothers (see the photograph of Nik Fiend which accompanies this article), but it is a band which is significant as one of the most enduring representatives of the gothic musical genre.

## When the bullshit happy choir greets another grim day

Much as the office goth would love to write a learned treatise about all aspects of the gothic sub-culture, there is only so much one can do upon being allocated 1,300-odd words in the student gutter press. Therefore, this article will concentrate mainly on aspects of gothic music.

There will inevitably be those reading this treatise who will want to start at square one with the question: 'So what is this whole gothic thing about?' A very simple answer might be: 'It's a black thing.' While people are drawn to gothdom for different reasons, most goths would probably describe their subculture in terms of a combination of several qualities: a morbid, pessimistic or cynical outlook; a shy nature; often an acute interest in the fantastic; and the infamous gothic look: white face (with both males and females wearing copious amounts of make-up), black clothing (often velvet, satin, fishnet or PVC), and a certain amount of cross-dressing thrown in for good measure. The adjective 'gothic' is frequently taken to mean 'anti-fashionable', in terms not only of appearance but also of outlook.

Gothic music is essentially an expression of

these qualities. The office goth is sometimes asked what he thinks of a particular album by Sepultura or Metallica because people assume that because he wears black he must listen to metal music. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth, and the office goth sincerely hopes he does not look like a Metallica fan. Like many of his brethren, he shuns metal music as being unnecessarily loud, distorted and unsubtle (although he will concede that there is a very clear metallic influence apparent in some industrial music).

Having established what gothic music is not still leaves the problem of defining what it is. It is helpful to think of music as being an integral part of the subculture, perhaps in part because of the importance of gothic nightclubs in bringing goths together on a regular basis. The music which is played at such occasions, or to which goths listen in their own time, takes a wide variety of forms. For example, a great deal of material by the Cure and Siouxsie and the Banshees has an accessible poppy sound to it; the Sisters of Mercy have a gothic hard rock edge to much of their material; the Fields of the Nephilim had a rock feel with dark ambient undertones to their music, and a heavy lyrical reliance on mythical and biblical imagery. Bands such as Mephisto Walz, Miranda Sex Garden and Switchblade Symphony have a more ambient sound, with, in the case of the first-named, a strong streak of dark paganism. Goths also frequently listen to various forms of industrial music. At one end of the industrial spectrum lies the minimalism of bands such as Einstürzende Neubaten (whose name translates from German as 'New Buildings Falling Down'), and the alternate harsh totalitarian covers of western popular music and minimalistic originality of Slovenian outfit Laibach. The spectrum continues by ranging through the depression and anger (and, as purple-haired mountain-dwelling goths are quick to point out, multiple musical styles) of the Nine Inch Nails; to Front 242 and KMFDM (the latter are notable as often having a hard metallic edge to their music); and the often harsh, electronic sounds of electro-industrial acts such as Cubanate, Birmingham 6 and Apoptygma Berzerk. Further variations include the aggressive discontent of bands such as Melbourne's Discordia, and the

cynical trancey-industrial sound of Snog. Another subset of bands — groups such as Alien Sex Fiend and the Sex Gang Children — are characterised by the strange combination of several styles of music, often in a highly experimental fashion. Of course, only a few of many possible bands — and generally better known ones at that — are mentioned above, but it would be pointless to spend page after tedious page listing performers.

It is probably more worthwhile to write a few words about what sets acts such as these apart from the Michael Boltons and Mariah Careys of the musical world. Maybe the most notable feature is the conscious rejection of mainstream values. A humorous example is the first verse of 'Born to Be Mild' by Snog, which seems to be a response to the lifestyles of the late 1980s: 'My life consecrated by the Vogue year book/My style dictated by the Rick Astley look/I drive a car but I can't read a book/I don't eat meat except for a little bit of chook.' Another example is the popular gothic band Christian Death, which has a practice of confronting standard religious values head-on. In essence, gothic music often seeks to distance itself from the values of a superficial consumer society in which it is more important to keep up with fashion and be compatible with the lowest common denominator than to be happy or yourself. It has been suggested that early gothic music grew out of punk music, but with its anger directed inwards rather than outwards. Bands such as Joy Division (well-known for the song 'Love will tear us apart') are often described as the point of transition between punk and gothic music.

However, it must also be pointed out that, like all other styles, gothic music may also fall victim to the forces of derivation, and bands such as the Merry Thoughts and (to a lesser extent) Rosetta Stone, have been criticised for sounding too much like the Sisters of Mercy; while Love Like Blood have copped some flak because of their obvious and heavy Nephilim influence.

Having written the above, the office goth hopes never again to be mistaken for a heavy metal or Toni Pearen fan. His hot tip for anyone interested in gothic music is to visit Landspeed or Impact Records and check out one of the many compilation albums available (normally identifiable by the word 'gothic' in their titles); or look at some of the 'zines which are available (Australian 'zines include *Dark Angel* and *Ex Cathedra*, there are also several international 'zines which grace our merry shores from time to time). As a huge Sisters of Mercy fan from way back, the office goth also has to recommend anything by that band, especially the album *Floodland* and the compilation *A Slight Case of Overbombing*. Good places to start looking for things gothic on the internet are the newsgroups *aus.culture.gothic* and *alt.gothic*, and the web site <http://www.vamp.org>. Those who are interested in gothic music might also like to check out Beyond the Grave (Fridays, 11 p.m.) and Screaming Corpse (Saturdays, 10 p.m., specialising in industrial music) on 2XX; and the three-weekly club Oblivion at Heaven, which will next be held on Wednesday 22 May. If anyone cares, the office goth can be contacted at [p.still@student.unu.edu.au](mailto:p.still@student.unu.edu.au).

Office Goth



Alien Sex Fiend's Nik Fiend: gothic legend and model of flawless dress sense

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## classic crap

What I love about art, literature, theatre and music is the sensuous nature of such communication. I am drawn to art that appeals strongly to all my senses; so that the words I read re-create the smells and the touch they describe, so that music I hear consumes me and makes me feel something new, so that the colours in a painting ask for the attention of my eye. The arts are a pure indulgence for the ears and the eyes and a piece of music, a poem, or a film effects its audience in such a way that it delves deeper than human logic and intellect to stir the soul. Art is the perfect tool for persuasion. Art is also a tool of release for those suffering inner or outer conflict. Art has provided a means of expression for many people who have otherwise not had a voice.

Many women have passionately used art as their voice when they have had no other. In modern western society where women have claimed a "room of their own" they have passionately embraced art for the expression of their desires, pain, happiness and anger. Such women have had a tremendous impact on the way I have viewed and experienced the world. To follow are examples of such women whose works of art have remained with me.

### Her Blue Body Everything We Know, by Alice Walker

I discovered this collection of poetry when I was in high school, perusing the library shelves. I borrowed the book and thus began my love affair with Alice Walker! Growing somewhat of an attachment to the book I

relented giving it back, so that I accrued some hefty fines! What drew me to Alice's poetry was its simplicity and beauty. Her words are truthful; sometimes painful and sad, sometimes joyous and contented. Alice's poetry is very personal yet very identifiable so that her experiences become almost our own. She writes about her childhood, her family, her daughter, her lovers, her travels, her fears, her opinions, and her fantasies. Her African American heritage is evident in her writing, as she describes snippets of her youth growing up black in a racially divided country. Many of these recollections are sad and angry, some of them hit hard with venom and others leave a subtle impression. "Impressions" are certainly what her words leave. She chooses her words carefully and doesn't get bogged down in long winded descriptions. Her work contains clarity and breathing space, so that each poem may be easily digested but not easily forgotten. The beauty of Alice's poetry is the sense of hope it holds. Through all the pain and adversity of her life, she is still mesmerised by its wonder. Alice's sense of being a woman is strong and proud and also very free. In my favourite poem of all she writes that "woman is not a potted plant", but instead that "woman is wilderness, unbounded and free". This is how I like to think that I will live my life, as wilderness.

### When I was a Boy, by Jane Siberry

I love this CD purely because it appeals to the romantic, dreamy side of my nature. Jane sings about angels, heavens, dreams, falling in love and sailing away. There are no songs about politics or injustices, and she makes no reflections on society or her personal life; what she offers is an escape. I like to lock myself in my room and turn the volume up high and let myself be consumed by her beautiful clear and wailing voice. Her voice is like water and she uses it freely, playing with its capacity. Her singing exudes passion and desire. Her words definitely don't stand alone, instead the words she uses seem to be chosen purely for their sound. It is her voice and her unique sound that do the talking.

### The Piano, directed by Jane Campion

Months before the film opened at the cinema, I had been intrigued by *The Piano*. Photographs of the film had caught my eye; images of Aida and her daughter playing on the beach and the young girl with angel wings attached to her back. I love the richness of the film, if it had a touch it would be velvet. I love the film's colour, with its melancholic blues, purples and greens. I love the dramatic landscape and the contrast of Aida's china skin against its blue. The contrasts in the film are so apparent. The European settlers with their fancy clothes and their abundant possessions seem oddly placed

against the wild New Zealand landscape. Aida, the film's central character, is also out of place, and against her will. She is betrothed to a man whom she has never met and instantly dislikes. Confirmation of their marriage is absurdly made by the staging of a wedding photograph, taken in the rain. What stirs Aida's dislike for her husband is his blatant disregard for her. He gives away her piano which is the most important part of her life. Without her piano Aida has no way to communicate for she is mute; her husband has taken her voice and later he takes her finger furthering her disability to communicate. What brings her back to life is the love she finds in another man who loves to hear her play her piano. What begins as a forced and one-sided relationship turns into a mutual love. This man listens to her for he appreciates her music (her voice) and he also gives her back the ability to play by making her a finger. Being a lover of positive endings, I like this film for its hopeful end. When leaving New Zealand on the boat Aida dives into the water intending to drown herself. She regains hope, however, and surges to the surface. She returns to her home to continue living the life she chooses. Jessica Warner



# skunk hour shreen

wednesday 15 may  
uni of canberra union bar

tickets at uc union access and impact records



# Steve Kilbey — Inside the Church



"For most people, what they were doing ten years ago is lost and forgotten. But, for some reason, when you are in a band you are constantly expected to justify all of the stupid things you said and did all those years ago," laments Steve Kilbey.

"So instead of just being able to be yourself, living here and now with all of that in the past, you find that you are living simultaneous versions of yourself. The guy you were five years ago, the kid from twenty years ago..."

For someone who seemingly slips from one musical caravan into the next with little trepidation and even less fanfare, you would expect that retracing past personas would not cause too much drama for Steve Kilbey. But whereas the multifaceted structure of his musical career strives to deliver artistic progression, an accountability to the past can only be seen to be its antithesis.

The diversity of Steve Kilbey's career will not be any more apparent than it will be over the first half of this year. Having just released a second Jack Frost recording with Grant McLennan, Steve has also completed a new Church album, *Magician Among the Spirits*, with Marty Willson-Piper. In the near future, we can also expect a solo recording and the production of another Stephen Cummings album.

With the Church album now in its final phases and scheduled for a late April release, Steve has elected to spend some time away from the studio, touring with Grant in support of the Jack Frost album. *Snow Job* is the second collaborative venture with the former Go-Between, and follows the pair's widely acclaimed self-titled release of 1990.

"Grant and I actually recorded this album just after *Sometime Anywhere* back in 1993. Since then it has bounced around from one record company to the next, always with some sort of condition attached to its release. In the end we said 'fuck it' and just wanted to get it

out," explains Steve. "This may mean that it gets lost in the shuffle - which would be a shame - but really, I am just happy that it is coming out."

While the combination of time and hindrance may have dampened Steve's enthusiasm, any degree of obscurity inflicted upon the release would indeed be a travesty. Much in the same temperament as its predecessor, *Snow Job* is a reflection of a unique teaming. But whereas Jack Frost's first endeavour relied heavily on programming, the mechanics of this recording is based upon a very different texture.

The album ironically opens with the song *Jack Frost Blues*. The track's pounding drums and percussion leads us into a lush, fertile soundscape and sets the scene for the remainder of the recording.

The beauty and strength of the work lies within its composure. Steve Kilbey's evocative



imagery and Grant McLennan's focused sensibility intertwine into a complementary narrative. The resulting harmony a reflection of the album's empathy.

Similar to the approach Steve and Grant employ

for Jack Frost is the redirection of Steve's other collaborative concern, The Church. Just as the relationship within Jack Frost produces an entity of equal bearing, so too it seems do the contributions Steve and Marty make to The Church.

What was initially conceived as a chariot for the song writing talents of Steve Kilbey has, over the years, evolved into a combined foray. Each successive recording furthered the four-piece's reputation and, in so doing, guided The Church to unprecedented international success.

When drummer Richard Ploog's departure was quickly followed by the exit of founding-member Peter Koppes, the band's musical order became the concern of two. Bought

about in part by the personnel changes but more by evolution, the band again underwent a dynamic change within its creative structure.

"Marty's role in the band has radically changed from the way it was in the beginning. When he first came along it was a case of 'here kid play rhythm guitar'. Now we are total equals," offers Steve. "If I want to do something on my own, I go and do it. But if I do something with The Church, I expect him to be completely involved."

"This new album is very much a product of two people rather than being something from one person and a sidekick. If anyone does or doesn't like this album, half the credit or half the blame falls as much on him as it does with me. And that is the way it should be."

In keeping with the approach the pair adopted for *Sometime Anywhere*, *Magician Among the Spirits* was written and recorded entirely upon entering Steve's Sydney studio. But whereas the former was very much a product of studio experimentation, their new album hints at something a little earthier.

"This album is very heavy," says Steve. "I think that has really influenced the music. The album is almost purely electric guitar - which is what The Church should be...In fact, this is probably our most electric album ever - very little acoustics, very little keyboard and no drum machine. People who have already heard it are referring to it as 'The Church's grunge album!'"

The album also heralds the return of guitarist Peter Koppes who departed The Church just after the release of their 1992 album *Priest=Aura*. While his presence may not be the full and committed return some fans had hoped for, his input into the album is more than a guest appearance.

The release of *Magician Among the Spirits* will constitute what is essentially The Church's tenth studio album. And with a career which has stretched over one-and-a-half decades, seen him acclaimed as a producer and has now provided him with his own record label, Steve Kilbey is weary about predictions of the future. "I look around and see the people who started off in 1980 when we did and there is not many of them left - particularly the ones who had any sort of international careers."

"When you look back at The Church you can see different phases within our career. Phases which have appealed to different people. You can find people who are only

interested in *Heyday* and that period, they trade reviews and interviews from around then and are specialists in that period."

"There are people who caught on with *Starfish* and there are other people for which *Priest=Aura* is their favourite album. These tend to be people who haven't listened to any of our early albums. Then of-course there are the *Blurred Crusade* people and, for them, nothing we will ever do will come close to that



record."

"Before I entered 'showbiz' I used to think that if I stood on stage under a spotlight and played to two thousand people who were cheering and screaming for me, that that would make me happy forever. But, in reality, it is a very fleeting thing - the sensation you get from it ends so quickly that it is hard to get any sort of lasting satisfaction out of it."

"It is the same with reviews and articles. You read all of these comments which say how great and wonderful you are but, at the end of the day, you go home and it is still just you alone with your thoughts."

"The majority of Church fans are not people who have liked us right across the board. Each of our albums has seemed to appeal to different people and, as a musician, that is one of the most satisfying things I could have ever hoped for."

Brett Leigh Dicks

## Kriss Kross

### Young Rich And Dangerous

Despite the obvious quality of this new Sony release I am telling you from the outset that I am going to have to pan it. I am really disappointed about this, I mean these guys can say "word up" with the best of them and actually sound convincing... a quality I admire in any rap artist.

There is even an interview of sorts halfway through the CD in which they explain that they are obviously "young and rich", being sixteen and already in control of more resources than the Bolivian central government. They kindly explain that they are

dangerous, not because they hang out with gangsters with their tech nines and drive by shootings... but because they have 'knowledge' after growing up in the industry and that makes them a dangerous force in the music industry. Word.

Now, I know you are wondering how I could bad mouth such obviously transcendent material, but it is not the fault of the dangerous duo themselves. Instead, the reckless meglomaniac of their record company, Sony, is to blame. I would have been quite willing to open the floodgates of the vast student

consumeristic feeding frenzy by commanding you, my faithful readers, to buy this disc; had Sony shown me the courtesy of sending me a pristine copy of the said recording. That's right folks, a blemished disc. I know the more naive among you would be ready to ascribe this occurrence to coincidence, but I know all too well from my heady position in the music industry the kind of tricks these bastards try to play. My rantings against some of their progeny have obviously not gone unnoticed in the higher echelons of the corporate monster that is Sony.

And as for Kriss Kross, all I can say is that they will be the innocent bystanders in this vicious brawl, and despite their talent they are doomed to be dragged down by the gross negligence of their record company. They will probably lose millions as a result of my diligence and that is something I will have to come to terms with. It will be hard to deal with the fact that I have crushed the life out of these lads in bringing the criminal workings of Sony to global attention. It's a cruel world.

Word.

Christ

## Alana Dante

### Think Twice

Hey, I don't know if you will be, but I was offended by this CD even before I heard it. It's put out by the Dance Pool subdivision of Sony Music, who have had the brainwave of classifying their remixes according to current genre divisions and giving them little icons to help the listener/dj choose between them. Problem is, those genre types grew out of musical development and are a

creation of critics and record labels anyway; when aimed at or voluntarily applied to an artist's own work they just end up sounding contrived and dollar-driven.

There are 4 mixes of the one song here, and it all sounds like a pastiche put together in one afternoon at the company studio. The vocal line doesn't even match the bass line/synth work, which is strange because the singer was recorded specifically for this cd; I've heard countless vocal

samples from unrelated works on techno tracks that jelled one hundred times better than this one does. It's like 'Locomotion' meets 'Mega techno trax vol 3.'

So, mixes 1 and 4 get the funk/hip hop/acid icon AND the Euro/electro pop icon - hell, what's the point of having these icons (and there are only 4) if you're going to give a track TWO of them? Track 2 is the U.S. mix but it gets the Euro icon. Duh. And No. 3, the Rave mix, gets

the techno/trance icon, and, you guessed it, is faster and strobeby, with lots of off-beat hi hat and some kooky analogue sounds.

Dance Pool are apparently trying to be all things to all people, and it seems they've ended up just being nothing in particular. Maybe they should focus on signing some artists who push the genre envelopes, so they can do away with those little icons and let the music speak for itself.

Kristy Shugg





## Glide Disappear Here

Sydney's Glide write great emotional pop chewns. Their fabulous album last year "Open up and Croon", put them at the top of the Sydney pop heap. With songs like "Sometimes" and "Why You Asking?", they received considerable play on JJJ and deservedly so. It really makes you wonder about commercial radio. Such songs are so catchy, passionate and very accessible, that they could very easily be mainstream hits if given the chance.

With their latest album, "Disappear Here", Glide continue to tap the same rich vein. The songs are equally moving and emotional. The first single, "What Do I Know?" sees Glide still asking questions and still hitting the mark. Great stuff. In "Here She Comes" ("Should I fall around or just act dumb") and "Two Wrists" ("You're cracked and dry/ You feel you need a worn out lie"), songwriter William Arthur seems set to burst in

two with the passion seeping from the speakers. She must have been some girl to have twisted his heart so badly. Oh baby!

Driving rhythms, irresistible chord progressions and equally moving vocal delivery with soaring choruses produce the Glide sound. You could almost imagine Bill Janovitz singing these songs. They are in parts noisy and filled with a wash of sound, and in others quiet and very beautiful. "Wrapped in Fingers" and "Surfaced Euphoric" are cases in point. The latter, in particular really captures the energy and passion (That is the third time I have used that word in this review. Is the message getting across?) of Glide.

"Disappear Here" was produced by Wayne Connolly who seems to be producing a million things at once. He couldn't possibly be human. Just to digress for a moment, at

the internet sight for actor Kevin Bacon they have this theory that he is the centre of the universe. They play this game where they can list any famous person and he/she will have some connection, no matter how distant, to Kevin Bacon. Whether he starred with them in a film or went out with someone's sister or was seen at a function talking to someone, he is somehow always there. Well I think Connolly is similar. Maybe not as global, but in the Australian indi sphere you could probably connect him somehow, with any band.

Anyway, back to Glide: With various lineup changes of late, the lot of the band has been quite uncertain. It appears that these problems have been put behind them and this album should take them far. A superb record, it's a must. Cha Cha Cha!

Phil Hall



## Beastie Boys The In Sound From Way Out

The terminally over-vanquished CD pile has, in past weeks, left me dry. Dry of ambition, dry of lust, dry of any CD's I could actually bother lifting my journalistic fingers to review. In this state I stumbled up the stairs to the Woroni office in a futile search, a physical parody of better days when the walk up those stairs actually yielded joy. My mind was blank, my hair unwashed, my fingernails unkempt... but the journey must be made. I live to serve.

You can probably realise my anguish when I was struck with the sight of a sparkling CD being lifted (I saw it all in slow motion) and squirreled away by some octopus legged freak. "Excuse me?", I inquired... my voice breking with tension and frustration, "ah, could I see that?" The spotty cave dweller took the CD out of his bag and my greatest fears were realised...the Beastie Boys.

'Bend like a reed in the wind, Luke', I said

to myself, 'let the anger flow over you with a massive rush and let it not touch you, let it not move you to massive violence'. Yeah right. I knew words would not suffice in a situation like this, and my eyes narrowed and I dropped, almost imperceptibly, into battle stance.

"Hey man, I was here first..."

I dropped an anchor on his kidneys in the form of my right fist that brought him a new perspective on exactly how unclean the carpet in the Woroni office is.

Wrenching the disc from his nearly lifeless grip I realised I could not leave my colleagues with such a legal liability, not to mention the mess on the carpet. I mean snickers wrappers maybe excusable but dead bodies could be pushing it. Plus the fact no one would notice it until it started to decompose. But I digress.

I dragged the unconscious mass to the Exorcist stairs just outside the office and shouted, "hey, buddy watch out for the bannana peel!" and flung him down. He probably survived the first to bounces, but the heartsickening crack about threequarters the way down and the sudden resounding smack of his spine on the last step surely heralded his demise. An unfortunate accident.

My violent comandeering of this CD was soon justified by my first listen. On their last two albums the Beasties have included a fair mass of instrumental tunes. It is often these tunes that held the album together, giving it a tangible feel instead of a stop-start lack of feeling. This new offering (actually released in the US almost two years ago) is a compilation of these voiceless tunes.

'Bodavista Vow' includes Buddhist chants through the whole song and represents the ability of the Beasties to sample, not in a conventional manner, but to take philosophies and ideas into their music rather than just stolen sound bites.

After producing "Paul's Boutique" Columbia frankly told the Boys to get their shit together or be off the label. The kind of music displayed on this new disc is their response, albeit scattered through "Check Your Head" and "Ill Communication". They got back into playing their instruments and tried to discover what they really liked playing. The result is a blend of seventies funk-cocktail, nineties jazz trance and trip hop. Categorized enough for ya?

They like playing it, I like listening to it. Christ

## Beverly Knight B Funk

In the embarrassingly pious style of so many black artists from both the UK and the States these days, Beverley Knight insists that her new album, B-Funk, is only available for purchase as a direct result of divine intervention. The CD sleeve proclaims: "Firstly thanks to God for enabling me to spread the music he gave me: In everything acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy path". I'm not sure that God would much want to claim responsibility for having directed the lyrical course of this album — or perhaps his literary talents have simply declined somewhat in recent times. In any case, with lyrics along the lines of "the best things in life are free...you're the one for me, I'm the one for you. It's a mutual feeling...you keep me warm and safe...just can't escape your special spell" etc, the poetic element of the album is far from transcendental. Funk rarely finds itself as a medium for expressing complex ideas and feelings, but Knight's lyrics (she co-wrote most of the songs) are really so unoriginal at times that one is left wondering why she bothered.

Not being a big fan of this sort of highly commercial funk, I found the album as a whole fairly dull. But it is slickly produced, Knight does have a terrific voice, and all the

harmonies, while not exactly challenging, are rich and soulful. Despite lacking the true funkiness of acts such as the Brand New Heavies and our very own Swoop, the album did have me bopping up and down and punching my computer keys in time with the beat. There is a good mix of faster, danceable tracks and smoother ballad-type numbers, both of which Knight's voice soars through effortlessly. Most of the songs are about love, which is a little tedious, and I don't know that the respite afforded by the anti-child abuse track 'Goodbye Innocence' (chuck) really helps that much. But the girlie-feel-good-self-help track 'It's Your Time' is quite a winner, and when combined with a couple of songs whose lyrics simply celebrate the existence of funk, the album isn't so sappy as many others of its genre.

I really can't get excited about it, but if this kind of music is your style, then I'd recommend B-Funk as a good healthy fourteen-track album. Each song is quite different from the others, which is an achievement when compared with most middle-of-the-road funk/rap/soul schlock on the market. While the lyrics are so cliched that I think they'd make even a thirteen-year-

old girl cringe, the sound is pretty good and Knight's voice really is beautiful. I suppose fans of this kind of music already know how they'll feel about B-Funk. For all of you who need to read a review before you decide, I hope I haven't been too harsh on poor Beverley, but I feel bound to advise you all to steer clear of this one

Sarah Gilbert.



## Rage Against the Machine Evil Empire

When I found that I was to be the lucky person to review the second album of the explosive Rage Against the Machine, I was ecstatic. I loaded the CD into the player and waited with bated breath for the musical spectacle to unfold around me. And waited. And waited. Nothing happened. What had gone wrong?

The main problem is that much of the punch of the first self-titled album is missing from this second effort. A major difference between the two albums is that the bass (very much in the front row of the first album), has taken a back seat to wailing guitar riffs on this one. Whilst being musically interesting, the effect of this change has been a loss of the punchy drive behind such songs as Killing in the Name and Bombtrack. The best tracks on the album are Vietnow, People of the Sun and Revolver however they remind me of the lesser played tracks on the debut album.

Perhaps I expected too much from this album, but it looks as though RATM have gone the way of many bands, releasing one brilliant debut album, and then descending into mediocrity.

Drunken Disgrace



## Smudge Mike Love Not War

Sycophantic worship of the Beach Boys? The beginning of Tom Morgan's madness? or is Smudge just taking the piss? I suspect that there is a healthy dose of the latter. Many have hailed the Beach Boys 1966 release "Pet Sounds" one of the greatest albums of all time. Paul McCartney was quoted as saying the song "God Only Knows" is one of the best pop songs ever written. "Pet Sounds" was a conscious effort by Brian Wilson to move away from the typical surfing, girls and cars style of songs that the Beach Boys were famous for, in favour of a more 'sophisti-



be lifted from Smudge's forthcoming album and pays homage to the Beach Boys falsetto vocalist, Mike Love. Recording took place in Chicago with Casey Rice (Liz Phair, Ben Lee, Veruca Salt) handling production duties. To me "Pet Sounds" treads the fine line between utter rubbish and good pop music. "Mike Love ..." however, is great Sydney pop. It is a fuzzy pop number in traditional Tom Morgan fashion; lots of great hooky bits, fun lyrics and fuzzed guitars. It is really simple stuff but Tom, Adam and Al



cated' style of songwriting. It was around the time that "Pet Sounds" was recorded that Wilson began to go a bit loopy.

You can't help but laugh when you look at the packaging of "Mike Love Not War". Everything, right down to the liner notes, are a spoof on "Pet Sounds". From "prayer sessions asking the Lord for guidance and maximum love vibes" to "incredibly fat bass lines" and "an incredible series of tempo changes".

"Mike Love Not War" is the first single to



have that certain something, a certain irreverence, which makes these songs come alive.

The second track "Trying to Sneeze" is a cover of a Ben Lee song and the third track "Weep Woman Weep" is a cover of a song by NZ band Sticky Filtz. "Tenderfoot" rounds off the single and is a rocked up version of a song from a previous release.

I can't wait for the new album. Oh yeah, and keep an eye out for the video, it's a hoot!  
Phil Hall

## Cowboy Junkies Lay It Down

It was in 1988, with a cover of the Lou Reed song "Sweet Jane" that the Cowboy Junkies really jumped from being a band that a few cool people knew about to greater public attention. The smoky, narcotic version of this excellent song really summed up what the Cowboy Junkies were about. Combining slow, smooth moods and a country feel with a low, bassy sound, their music conveys relatively sad themes and sentiments in a strangely upbeat way.

"Lay It Down" is the sixth album for the band who have emerged from Toronto garages to carve out a comfortable position for themselves in the music world. Using the combined talent of siblings Margo, Michael and Peter Timmins along with Alan Anton, on "Lay It Down" the Junkies deal with such

things as ambiguity, disaster, death, love and parents who can't sing in key. If there was one word to describe the sound of the songs on this record it would be 'space'. They sound like they are in a huge room and the instruments are very well defined and mixed with a lot of space between them yet still very small in their overall effect.

The opening track "Something More Beside You", is a brooding piece where Margo Timmins asks "I guess I believe there's a point to what we



do/But I ask myself is there something more besides you?" Her voice is best described as soft and warm which perfectly complements the arrangements of her brother Michael.

"Hold On To Me" comes four tracks into the album and quiets things down a bit. "If you offered me a shade of blue/would I return it saying that it was too/dark or light?/Or would I see it for the precious thing/that it might one day be?". "Come Calling (his song)" is about a broken relationship which has been hard to come to terms with;

"Cause I'm drinking for the pleasure of falling/and I'm falling for the pleasure of pretending/that you're sitting by the window waiting/for me to come calling." The best track on the album for me is "Just Want to See" which describes a couple attending a funeral for a friend. Strangely, the song is far from morbid. The guitar even has a groovy element to it. Great stuff.

Don't be fooled into thinking "Lay It Down" is a dark, morbid album. To think so would be to miss the point entirely about the Cowboy Junkies. This is a wonderfully smooth, heartfelt and beautiful album. Highly recommended.

Phil Hall

## ENTERTAINMENT onstage

### Skylark Theatre

#### Pocket Sized

Puppets are guaranteed to evoke images of childhood in almost anyone. Who doesn't hold fond memories of The Muppets, Sesame Street, Thunderbirds, Liffott, Agro, Ozzie Ostrich, the Banana Splits or Sooty? But modern puppets are much more than playthings for children, and are increasingly used in theatre aimed specifically at adults. Such a piece was Skylark Theatre Company's most recent production, Pocket Sized.

Skylark has a surprisingly low profile for one of Canberra's few permanent, professional theatre companies and only puppet company. While those of you who grew up in Canberra were probably received a visit during primary school, most of you would have no recollection of this event. This anonymity is due mainly to the image of puppetry in our society. Whilst it is quite prominent - probably more prominent than you realise, with puppets being used in many popular movies such as Star Wars, Labyrinth and Neverending Story- it is almost exclu-

sively considered the domain of children.

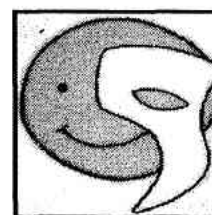
But there is actually a very successful tradition of puppets designed specifically for an adult audience, one which is prominent even today. Pocket Sized was a perfect example of such a piece, consisting of various experimental skits aimed specifically at adults. It involved little speaking, few outright jokes and lasted little over an hour, but managed to present a very humorous and sensitive piece of theatre. It is shows such as these which comprise of Skylark's 'artistic' side, whilst the school performances they are most well known for are their bread and butter.

Modern puppetry often includes creations of a sophisticated and surreal nature far beyond anything conceived by a generation brought up on Agro and Kermit. The sophisticated puppets of today can involve the most advanced robotics technology, giving us such puppet favourites as Yoda (the most advanced puppet of his day), the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and half the

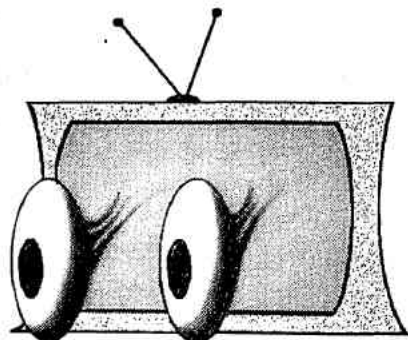
cast of Babe. But these 'clever' puppets, while impressive, are no more effective than what can be achieved by a simple piece of material or basic rag doll in the hands of a master puppeteer. Today you don't just shove your hand up a sock or grab onto a couple of rods- though both of these are still perfectly legitimate puppeteering techniques. One of the most successful skits of Pocket Sized involved three Y-shaped tubes of white lycra which, when stretched between various parts of the puppeteers' bodies made fantastic creatures which grew, shrunk, danced and flew at will, each with its own distinct personalities. There was also a character who consisted of nothing more than a suit of clothing- complete with shirt, tie, hat and shoes- with a pair of hands protruding from the sleeves. No head, neck, chest or legs. But never-the-less, he was the most expressive and humorous character of the show.

It is this ability to tap into the human imagination, bringing the inanimate to life which probably explains the enduring popularity of puppetry. It is amazing how quickly our minds adapt to this world of illusion. The puppeteers, even those with little or no disguise, quickly disappear as the creature before you comes to life- whether it be a guy with no face, or a five foot sock. Pocket Sized had ordinary suitcases and chairs performing beside the puppeteers themselves and the more human characters, with just as much personality, if not more. While many see puppetry as 'limited' by the lack of facial expression and inevitable distance from reality, these limits are in fact its strengths. The slightest tilt of a head (or imaginary head) can be more effective than the best actor, whilst the fantastic element merely helps provide and escapist experience unlike anything else you have ever experienced.

Jessica Coates







## From Dusk Till Dawn

### Electric Shadows

How do you follow up a movie like *Pulp Fiction*? This is a question many Tarantino fans must have wondered following the meteoric rise to Hollywood demi-god status of their foul mouthed messiah. *From Dusk till Dawn* is many things — it is not, however, an attempt to answer this question.

Since initially breaking through with *Reservoir Dogs* in 1992 Tarantino has declined to create new material, preferring instead to draw from his catalogue of scripts crafted during his years in the wilderness. *Pulp Fiction* was a brilliant melding of various Tarantino vignettes, *From Dusk Till Dawn* is quite another matter. *From Dusk till Dawn* seeks definition but successfully eludes it. Is this a genre film in search of a genre, or is it two films in search of a bridging point? Either way this film is quite unlike anything which precedes it.

This then is the chief trademark of Tarantino the artist, unfailing originality. The strength of this man is his ability to constantly present us with images we have not seen before. *From Dusk Till Dawn* is a collaboration between Tarantino and the usual coterie of associates. Robert Rodriguez (El mariachi, *Desperado*) provides direction for Tarantino's script and the guiding hand of Lawrence Bender is again present as executive producer.

At the start of the picture we are presented with an all too familiar scene. Brothers Seth and Richie Gecko travel the highways, fresh from a jailbreak and shootout they commit robberies and shoot up diners as bullets and wisecracks flow freely. The presence of a

vacuous but vulture-like news reporter only serves to further reinforce the feeling, "isn't this just *Natural Born Killers*?" Some of the trademark Tarantino wit is present, though on the whole the script lacks the kind of quality dialogue we have come to expect.

What this film does have is some quality performances, an integral ingredient in Tarantino's success is the high calibre band of actors he has managed to assemble. George Clooney does well as the charismatic leader Seth Gecko, he exudes coolness (a la Travolta) and has that most elusive quality — presence. This foray indicates he is one of few actors who will succeed in the crossover from television to film. Harvey Keitel leads an all star supporting cast with the kind of brilliance we have come to expect and Tarantino himself has improved his acting quite considerably (from a barely sevicable performance in *Reservoir Dogs* to the nervy stilted delivery of his own lines in *Pulp Fiction* he had a long way to come.) Juliette Lewis affects her usual blend of innocence and sensuality while Cheech Marin provides a zany hispanic character (perhaps the limit of his range).

To the story then, (and this is where it becomes difficult). The first half of *From Dusk Till Dawn* follows the Gecko brothers in their attempts to evade the law. Seth Gecko, an experienced and professional criminal must simultaneously plan their escape whilst attempting to contain the overzealous crowd control methods favoured by his psychopathic and sexually depraved brother Richie (Tarantino). Needing

hostages to ensure safe passage across the Mexican border, the brothers hijack the lumbering motorhome of a priest abandoning his calling (Keitel) and his two children (Juliette Lewis and newcomer Ernest Liu). After successfully crossing the border the five proceed to a prearranged rendezvous point. Here, the film changes drastically.

Exit Tarantino, master dialogue writer; enter Tarantino film geek. With a total absence of thematic or even a gesture towards continuity, the film's second half becomes a bloody tribute to the unknown heroes of Hollywood B-Grade. Using the loose plot device of vampiricism but also incorporating everything from *Kung fu* movies to Vietnam war films *From Dusk Till Dawn* becomes an over the top parody of every bad horror film you've ever seen. Holy water, wooden stakes, silver bullets and loads and loads of green blood feature prominently as the plot becomes increasingly ridiculous (the bullet firing codpiece must be seen to be believed). It is as if someone has joined reels from natural *Born Killers* and *Evil Dead* with a piece of chewing gum and asked us not to notice.

That is not to say the film fails to amuse. Provided you are not offended by mass carnage *From Dusk Till Dawn* provides plenty of laughs. The problem is where *Pulp Fiction* was clever, this film is silly. Sure we laugh at terrible horror movies, we do not,



however, give them academy awards. Although I quite enjoyed *From Dusk Till Dawn*, I cannot help but regard it as something of a step backwards. Ultimately this film fulfills the gratification of its maker's boyhood schlock fantasies but falls short of expectations for an audience that should feel entitled to demand more from such a talented group of filmmakers.

Dan Silkstone

## The Birdcage

### Greater Union Manuka

Let me preface this interview by stating: No, I have not seen the original 1978 French film *La Cage aux Folles*, from which *the birdcage* has been adapted. I hardly think this matters; *the birdcage* is a film which has NOW stamped all over it, more specifically, AMERICA NOW. It has a definite and conscious sense of immediacy. Politically, it is hot and current. Well, this is true for the United States at least. Americans have embraced *the birdcage* like suckling babes to a juicy nipple, and whether or not Australians will or should likewise follow is another matter.

Australian politicians have already reiterated the American led rhetoric on law and order with the 'three strike and you're in' boastings, but have yet (and hopefully will never) had the indignity to resort to platitudes on family values as a means of vote scoring. In an election year, family values, and more importantly, what constitutes a family, is a prominent issue in the States. References to both Bob Dole and Bill Clinton are early and often in *the birdcage*, serving to update and distinguish the earlier French screenplay, but also with the effect that this film will forever remain a marker to the mid-1990s.

Mike Nichols, the director and producer, has a talent for creating films which reflect

and shape the social attitudes and politics of the day. *The Graduate*, *Silkwood*, *Working Girl* and the first half of *Wolf* are such films, and *the birdcage* has the potential to be regarded in the future with iconic status comparable to that of *The Graduate*. In the meantime, *the birdcage* proves to be an easily swallowed political pill because it comes wrapped in pure, tasteful comedy.

A comedy of manners, *the birdcage* depicts the disarray which befalls the home of a happily married gay couple, Armand and Albert, when their son Val announces that he is engaged to be married. Their main concern is that their 'little piglet' is to young. Val's main concern is that if his future father-in-law, an ultra-conservative senator, were to discover who his parents really were, all

wedding plans would be off. Out of love for their son, and against their own beliefs, Armand and Albert set out to deceive the future in-laws into believing that Val was brought up by ordinary heterosexual parents. The film's climactic dinner party to which to film races forth is screamingly funny.

Although one would expect all the comedy in this film to stem from such a situation, *the birdcage* is liberally laced with jokes that stand on their own and can be easily repeated to friends, although never with such expert delivery as the film's players. Robin Williams, author of some of the best jokes, is impressively restrained as the straight partner to Nathan Lane's screaming queen. Both give perfectly balanced performances off one another. If you have not heard of Lane before, you have nevertheless most probably heard him; he was the voice of the little rat thing in *The Lion King*. Be prepared to hear of and from him in the future. Gene Hackman too gives a spot on performance as the conservative Senator. I believe him to be one of the greatest actors ever to have trod the Earth.

Opening and closing to its anthem 'We are Family' sung by Sister Sledge, *the birdcage* makes pertinent comments on the true nature and value of family relationships with characters who are amusing, fun and stylishly dressed

Michelle Cooper

8 May 1996 **Woroni** 35





## Shanghai Triad

### Electric Shadows

This film opens with a long shot of a wide-eyed teenage boy in a crowd, being jostled as people make their way past them. The camera stays on him and his wide-eyed-ness for the entire opening credits - you find yourself wishing for something else to look at, and to know why he seems bewildered. To me, this opening shot sums up all of *Shanghai Triad* - it is about a country boy who comes to work for a gangster's 'moll' in Shanghai, and it leaves you wanting to know more - about the boy, about the gangsters, about Shanghai in the 1930's - generally, about everything.

If you know some of Zhang Yimou's other films (*Raise the Red Lantern*, *The Story of Qiu Ju*, etc), you could be forgiven for expecting something like *Goodfellas* with spectacular cinematography. I'd been

looking forward to seeing how Zhang would turn his eye for detail and spectacle on Shanghai streets. It wasn't gratuitous violence I was after, but just a look through this director's eyes at street scapes and city-types, rather than regal persons and picturesque dwellings.

Perhaps it is because we see the story through the boy's eyes that we see very little of the world outside the gangster's expensive house, and the island hideaway boss and co. eventually escape to. What little we know of the city is through the boy's uncle, an established servant/henchman in the household, who informs the boy at regular intervals that 'you have to be careful in Shanghai,' and 'you must learn fast,' etc.

When I realised that we were going to see this film through the boy's eyes, I kept

waiting for him to grow up (literally, ie into another older actor) and act on what he has learned, but he never does.

Gong Li looks stunning and plays the petulant, spoiled 'gangster's moll' well, and the film is really carried by her.

I have heard this film described as a 'slow burner', but to my mind it doesn't smoulder much. There isn't enough depth in any of the characters to make you really care about them - all is visuals and insinuation. The thing about slow films is that they give you time to be conscious of all the elements that make up a film. You have time to notice the music, the camera angles, the editing choices, and the thread of the story. And if even one of these aspects is remarkably good, or new and experimental in some way, then, like a slow meal, you are glad of the chance to

savour it. But in *Shanghai Triad*, these aspects, even the cinematography - were not special enough to sustain the interest. Especially not music, which was made up of only three different themes which returned so often that they ended up catching your ear and being irritating rather than atmospheric.

It is said that this film is allegorical, a veiled comment/attack on the Chinese government through its depiction of the corruption of wealth, abuse of power, and so on. And who's to say how much it was censored and re-edited before it was allowed world-wide release. Perhaps that's why it unfortunately comes across as a film which is beautiful on the periphery, but has had all the guts taken out of it.

Kristy Shugg

## Broken Arrow

### Greater Union

*Broken Arrow* is kind of like *Top Gun* set in the Wild West - throw in a nuclear weapon and a dash of *Speed*-like love interest and you have an action film which traverses the scope of virtually every Hollywood cliché. The Good, the Bad and the not-so Ugly are played respectively by Christian Slater, John Travolta (as hot-shot military pilots) and Samantha Mathis as the ridiculously unbelievable 'Lurve Interest'.

The story revolves around the embittered Travolta who has devised a fiendish scheme to steal and sell a nuclear weapon; and prove himself once and for all as a military commander extraordinaire. Just as determinedly, Slater is driven to protect peace, justice and the anti-nuclear way, lucky Mathis becomes embroiled in the action in the coincidental fashion that heroines usually do. The story hots up even more when Wicked John renounces his capitalistic inclinations to sell the weapon in favour of an even more sinister

plan which will rid the world of life and disco for ever.

*Broken Arrow* shamelessly pilfers and duplicates from other films, which lessens its already tenacious hold on credibility. For instance, the romance in *Broken Arrow* is just *Speed* in army fatigues - only the names and location have been changed. Likewise, the heroine's character is remarkably similar; Mathis plays the wholesome park ranger who gets into girly things like butterflies and endangered mud; but handles weapons and a 4WD almost as good as a bloke... Mathis represents the latest in nausea-inducing Hollywood heroines: a product/character who manages to be tough and modern without inconveniently compromising her femininity and threatening the dominance of the male hero.

As the *Bad Guy*, I found it difficult to take Travolta seriously; those twinkly eyes, that crooked smile, those disturbing flashbacks of

white flares... and knowing that, the film does a bit of a piss-take on ye old Western film which gives the audience more than a few opportunities for a cynical chuckle. However, unlike Travolta in black films (*Pulp Fiction*, *Get Shorty*), *Broken Arrow* comes out with some incredibly trashy clichés which had me in hysterics, but the rest of the audience probably cursing the \$12 they'd blown on yet another ridiculous Hollywood ending.

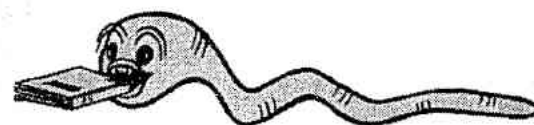
However, despite the trash, and sometimes because of it, the film is quite a lot of fun. *Broken Arrow* has heaps of action as Slater and the Bad Lieutenant pursue each other across the desert in a range of transport varied enough to put *McGyver* to shame. *Broken Arrow*, with its military props and sweaty lads, has more testosterone than a sperm bank and if transport and chicks weren't enough to keep our viewer (read: single, white, 25 year old male) squirming in

the seat of his bulging trousers, Director Woo has thoughtfully provided enough weaponry to keep even the most gun-lusty amused. The publicity release proudly boasts that during the making of *Broken Arrow* "We had about 60,000 rounds of ammunition and we shot every single round, if not more".

*Broken Arrow* has some great effects and flight cinematography, and there are some amusing exchanges between Slater and Travolta, but apart from that, it's really just another eminently forgettable Hollywood film. There's nothing wrong with forgettable, but I found that the similarities between *Broken Arrow* and its testosterone-laden military buddy film *Speed*, and its try-hard Tarantino cynicism is all too obvious. Is this a case of Demidenko "post-modern borrowing" or is it merely a rip off designed by Hollywood marketing executives to suck yet more money from gullible crowds?

Rachael Anthony

## ENTERTAINMENT **books**



## Carl Hiaasen

### Stormy Weather

*Stormy Weather* is a true jester to the crimes of what it means to be a corrupt and misguided American. The set is cheap, hot, windy and gets nastier by the hour, till fed up with Florida the coarse director yells, 'action', and out spews a hurricane in which the book's characters comically flourish. The crew are a contagious mixture of cheating and opportunistic flare outs whose wheel like minds spin for a dollar and over everyone in their path, even those who are good, in a kind of mixed vigilante manner.

Enter, Bonnie and Max Lamb, who to the casual observer are middle America on honeymoon, yet when sex ain't enough and a hurricane is only miles South, off heads Max with wife in tow. Why?, because he is keen to get the damage on hand-cam and impress his associates back at his advertising job. In strides, 'Skink', fresh and environmentally

primed after having just viewed the hurricane whilst being tied to a bridge, is outraged by Max's videoing and attaches a shock-collar to him, dragging him off into the Everglades for re-education.

Meanwhile, the less vigilante and more ominously motivated, gang up to commit insurance fraud on a demolished house. The only problem is they pick a house that is owned by Tony Torres, a hated trailer-home salesman, so hated his previous customers come and crucify him on a TV satellite dish. Why? because he sold them mobile homes he promised would survive a hurricane, when in fact after purchasing them "...the hurricane came and blew them away. All seventy-seven. The trailers imploded, exploded, popped off the tie-downs and took off like fucking aluminium ducks." While the ducks are landing *Stormy Weather* whips all these

characters together in a mayhem of comic battle.

Tortured hilarity and brilliantly funny descriptions are author Carl Hiaasen's expertise, and in *Stormy Weather* he has one of the most captivating and clever voices in modern crime fiction. He has the clear vision in this novel to amuse the reader with what can go wrong after a Florida hurricane, expressing with great deft that with the right mix of twisted people the winds don't stop howling with stories and laughter till long after a hurricane is past. *Stormy Weather* survives from cover to cover, blending idealist humanity with some almighty crooked people, deranging and arranging Florida into the funniest place you never would visit.

Robert Umphelby





## Vikram Chandra

### Red Earth And Pouring Rain

Vikram Seth seemed the most suitable boy to write the definitive Indian novel in the 1990s. A prodigiously intelligent Oxford linguist, who taught himself Chinese in his spare time and was spoken of as a genius by usually respectably stale academics, somehow it was just not surprising that he churned out his unforgivably long generational saga. Vikram Chandra, who has been compared to Seth, is a far less likely candidate. The Steinbeckesque biographical details given on Chandra in the book reveal he is fond of writing computer programs, and lives in Houston. As someone who believes that humanity will never be free until the last computer programmer has been strangled with the entrails of the last systems analyst, I was sceptical from the beginning. It turned out Vikram Chandra was sceptical as well, and in part it was his self-deprecation and playful use of words and ideas that won me over.

*Red Earth and Pouring Rain*, at its broadest, is about a magical nineteenth century India, and its echoes in modern times. Another expatriate writer, V.S. Naipaul, characterised India as "wounded civilisation" after British occupation, and to some extent Western attitudes toward it remain dominated by post mortems on the fact of colonialism. For its part, *Red Earth and Pouring Rain* is a rich synthesis of the body of Indian history and mythology with

the wound of British intervention. The elliptical plots it contains, as vast and winding as the streets of nineteenth century Calcutta, defy quick summary. They do not collapse into incomprehensibility by virtue of Chandra's deft intertwining of incidents and characters. This also serves to illustrate his main concern, the circularity, processes and dangers of story-telling. Writing about this seductive activity, Chandra is at his most eloquent, as he promises to tell a story: "...that will grow like a lotus vine, that will twist in on itself and expand ceaselessly, till all of you are a part of it, and the gods come to listen, till we are all talking in a musical hubbub that contains the past, every moment of the present, and all the future."

One of the author's most effective tools, aside from his intoxicating articulacy, is shifting the perspective from Western invaders to the responses of Indian civilisation to them. This simple change can be arresting, and Chandra applies it well to both British colonialism and Alexander the Great's campaign two thousand years earlier. The latter is a shadowy present throughout the work, referred to as Sikander the Madman, and Chandra's power is such that we share the bemusement of one Indian poet at encountering Alexander's Aristotism ("He said, can you believe it, that a thing should do what a thing is meant to do, nothing more, nothing less.").

As well as the West's influence on India, *Red Earth and Pouring Rain* deals with some of the more universal human concerns. Chandra is most preoccupied with notions of time, what he calls the tyranny of the future. Immortality is only ever a temporary solution, and the character who achieves it in the novel, Sarthey, is eventually driven to serial killing by his success. The inadequacy of any answer but immortality through memory and story-telling seems to be Chandra's suggestion, but part of the attraction of this book is that it resists a single, simplistic thesis. Instead, it is scattered with thoughtful and witty aphorisms, dropped with an apparent carelessness that can only be found in the most controlled performance. If, as the minimalist biography implies, this first time novelist is supporting himself as a computer programmer, then I for one cannot wait till he quits his real job.

Garth Crawford



## The Berkeley Guides:

### Great Britain and Ireland

The Berkeley Guide to Britain and Ireland is written by students of Berkeley University, California, from research conducted whilst on their trans-Atlantic summer holidays. The information contained in the guide is therefore ideal for student travellers who are interested in pubs as well as cathedrals and who have hardly any money.

The guide is well-structured and easy to read. It has special tips for women travelling alone, gays, and disabled travellers, which is a

welcome novelty. Each major city is examined in turn, and information is provided about the cheapest accommodation and restaurants, all major historical and cultural sites, and the best bars and clubs. The first chapter provides guidelines for those who wish to work or study abroad, as well as advice on how to plan and prepare for your trip, how to organise finances and how to get the best deals. Then each major region or city is outlined, including a brief description of its history and defining customs and

practices. There is information for travellers with a literary bent who wish to make pilgrimages to Emily Bronte's moor and Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey, for those who want to catch a glimpse of their beloved monarch and her wayward offspring, and those who just want to pub-crawl their way around the UK and Ireland. There is also a great deal of information about offbeat festivals and markets which many other travel guides leave out. Comprehensive maps are

provided throughout the guide, including maps of the London Underground, making travelling much easier and avoiding the chaos of having to carry around a tome-like guide as well as half a dozen loose roadmaps.

Advice is given in specific, practical language, and the book's lively and witty tone makes it fun to read. It is written by young people for a young audience, making it the perfect guide for having the time of your life at the lowest possible price.

Sarah Gilbert

## Robin Cook

### Acceptable Risk

Robin Cook has always been known as the master of the medical thriller, capitalising on the feelings of vulnerability and fear that everyone experiences in the doctor's waiting room; plumbing the depths of human phobias to torture those souls with a fear of sharp, shiny instruments, the smell of disinfectant and the harsh, unforgiving glare of surgery lights.

*Acceptable Risk* is his latest offering that unfortunately does not generate the usual bowel-loosening terror inherent in his previous successes, mostly due to a

lack of substance, plot and intrigue, as well as feeble tension and almost B-grade horror scenes. The two lead characters are Kim; a weak-minded, insecure woman whose family history can be traced back to the witch-burning days in Salem, and a socially inept scientist with an interest in psychotropic drugs who happens, through his association with Kim, to discover a psychotropic mould in the basement of her new house, that he believes may have been behind the strange behaviour of women which had, in the past, led to them being burnt at the stake

for witchcraft; among them being Kim's ancestor Melanic.

In the course of his investigations of the mould, he and his colleagues perform many experiments using themselves as subjects, and sure enough, strange things begin happening around town, such as the appearance of mutilated animals and murdered hobos. The formerly meek and mild Edward begins a Jekyll/Hyde transformation, culminating in a scene reminiscent of *Night of the Werewolves* (or some equally atrocious movie) where he and his colleagues are reduced to the

primitive human predators, attacking anything that breathes in their quest for blood and gore.

There are no ominous waiting rooms or mysterious surgical mishaps in this novel, which leads me to dismiss *Acceptable Risk* as Robin Cook's dud novel - the Health and Counselling Center holds more fear and intrigue, and I'm sure, could provide more scintillating stories than this one.

Bianca Nogrady



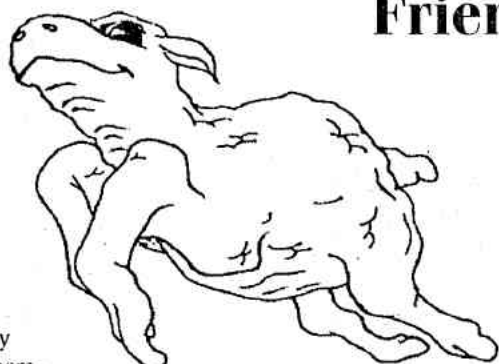


# Behind the Face

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINT TO FIT



## Hardman's Woolly Friends



The most esteemed gentleman and Head of Buildings and Grounds, Mr Don Hardman, has done it again. Mr Hardman proposed, in an interdepartmental memo that has since been destroyed by a crack Government Covert Operations Team, to make the ANU into a sheep station. Or rather, to "diversify the financial position of the ANU by acquiring a large stock of woolly assets in order to enhance the ambience of the ANU Buildings and Grounds while turning a profit from fine grain wool sales."

Mr Hardman's plan was to buy 2000 of the ultra-secret Angora sheep being developed by ANUtech in a secret laboratory underneath Acton Supermarket, and then to fence in the ANU Grounds and let the sheep loose. His proposal included construction of a woolshed and runs, as well as the hiring of 20 permanent and 40 casual shepherds that Mr Hardman detailed would 'provide student employment'. An inside source from the great man's office is said to have heard him say, as an addendum to the shepherd employment, "that's all they [the students] are bloody good for!"

Other details of Plan Woolly, as it has been tagged, included a reduction in grass-cutting costs, and a revenue contribution from fine wool, lamb meat and sheep dropping sales that would make the revenue raised from the GSF look like "a

piffling waste of time," Mr Hardman was heard to say. He continued, "finally my dream may come true... we can do away with the bloody students and I shall have my totally obedient super army... of sheep!!!" Mr Hardman is then said to have engaged in a fit of disturbing laughter and manic chest beating before jumping out the second floor window and bounding off into the night in a form described as "half-man, half-goat" by our source.

It appears that Plan Woolly will not proceed, however, since Mr Hardman was said to have been 'severely shaken' after the plan was destroyed before his eyes by agents of the newly formed Coalition Government. They also beat him severely and were said to have continually yelled "Pull yourself together man!" during the torture session. Mr Hardman had no official comment on any of the events alleged above other than to concede that the alleged Plan Woolly "has a certain eloquence to it..." He then broke down and wept openly before we were ushered from his office by Hardman Heavies.

Renaissance Man

## catch of the day: 1994's Most Bizarre Suicide

At the 1994 annual awards dinner given by the American Association for Forensic Science, AAFS president Don Harper Mills astounded his audience in San Diego with legal complications of a bizarre death. Here is the story:

On 23 March 1994, the medical examiner viewed the body of Ronald Opus and concluded that he died from a shotgun wound to the head. The decedent had jumped from the top of a ten-story building intending to commit suicide (he left a note indicating his despondency). As he fell past the ninth floor, his life was interrupted by a shotgun blast through a window, which killed him instantly. Neither the shooter nor the decedent was aware that a safety net had been erected at the eighth floor level to protect some window washers and that Opus would not have been able to complete his suicide anyway because of this.

Ordinarily, Dr Mills continued, a person who sets out to commit suicide ultimately succeeds, even though the mechanism might not be what he intended. That Opus was shot on the way to certain death nine stories below probably would not have changed his mode of death from suicide to homicide. But the fact that his suicidal intent would not have been successful caused the medical examiner to feel that he had a homicide on his hands. The room on the ninth floor whence the shotgun blast emanated was occupied by an elderly man and his wife. They were arguing and he was threatening her with the shotgun. He

was so upset that, when he pulled the trigger, he completely missed his wife and pellets went through the window striking Opus. When one intends to kill subject A but kills subject B in the attempt, one is guilty of the murder of subject B.

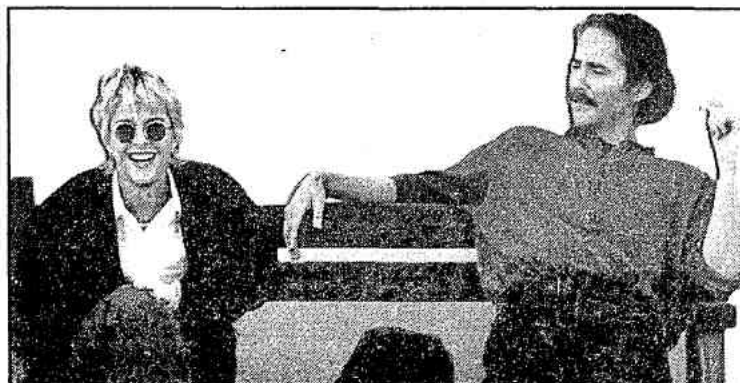
When confronted with this charge, the old man and his wife were both adamant that neither knew that the shotgun was loaded. The old man said it was his long standing habit to threaten his wife with the unloaded shotgun. He had no intention to murder her - therefore, the killing of Opus appeared to be an accident. That is, the gun had been accidentally loaded.

The continuing investigation turned up a witness who saw the old couple's son loading the shotgun approximately six weeks prior to the fatal incident. It transpired that the old lady had cut off her son's financial support and the son, knowing the propensity of his father to use the shotgun threateningly, loaded the gun with the expectation that his father would shoot his mother. The case now becomes one of murder on the part of the son for the death of Ronald Opus.

There was an exquisite twist. Further investigation revealed that the son, one Ronald Opus, had become increasingly despondent over the failure of his attempt to engineer his mother's murder. This led him to jump off the ten-story building on March 23, only to be killed by a shotgun through a ninth story window.

The medical examiner closed the case as a suicide.

## caption competition



In recognition of the fact that this was a really inane photo, Woroni apologises and volunteers its own contribution of "did you know Woroni is more widely read than the Sydney Morning Herald?"

Here's your chance to score some really gripping prizes, such as two free tickets to the Uni Bar concert of your choice. Just provide us with the caption you believe complements this titillating shot, and watch this space in the next edition of Woroni.

How can you tell if that snoring person next to you in lecturers is a waste of oxygen? Check if they are:

- Are goalie for the dart team
- Have all the brains God gave a duck's arse
- Have the personality of a snail on valium
- Are unsure whether to scratch their watch or wind their balls
- Move their lips to pretend they're reading
- Are so boring their dreams have Muzak
- Are an experiment in artificial stupidity
- Can't count their balls and get the same answer twice
- Are cranio-rectally inverted
- Couldn't write dialogue for a porno-flick
- Have one IQ point lower than it takes to grunt
- Couldn't pour water out of a boot with instructions on the heel
- Cheat when filling out opinion polls
- Are so dense light bends around them
- Think Moby Dick is a venereal disease
- Are so dim their psyche carries a flash light
- Take 1.5 hours to watch 60 Minutes
- Think cellular phones are carbon based life forms
- Are so dumb, mind readers charge half price
- Are living proof nature does not abhor a vacuum



Terminally stupid

## Stupid is as stupid does

This month's Terminal Stupidity award goes to the endlessly puerile David Letterman. Of late, it being holidays and all, I've got my sleeping pattern out of wack and thus I seem to be wide awake until 4:00am every morning. Although I could read, or knit or drink or something, I always seem to end up with the TV, and the choice early in the morning is infomercials or Letterman. I've seen all the infomercials. Come to think of it, I think I've seen all the Letterman. I mean, the guy only has 5 jokes (in order - Biff the stage manager, Mayor Juliani, Clinton and french fries, the latest bomb tragedy, stupid faces), and he recycles them over and over. Then there's his terrible interviews which achieve nothing but to make the guests nervous and the audience bored. And then there's tedious Paul Schaffer, the monotonous Top Ten, stupid pet tricks (that half the damn pets can't perform because the studio hooligans spook them), and endless Regis and Kathy Lee. Maybe I'm missing the point, but this guy really sucks! I may know a little more about American culture than I once did, but that only serves to confirm to me that Dave, and damn it, all the rest of that country, is Terminally Stupid.

Renaissance Man

## old and decrepit ccc 1966

July 7 1966

### THREE FOR MISS UNIVERSITY

To raise money for students in underdeveloped countries and for aboriginal scholarships WUS/Abschol is this year running a Miss University Quest. Any Club, society or groups of individuals may enter a candidate for a fee of \$15. Judging will take place informally at a cocktail party preceding the Miss University Cabaret on Wednesday, August 3rd.

Miss University will receive a blonde kangaroo fur coat and the club or society raising the most money will receive a prize.

To date eleven groups, including the halls of residence, the Jazz Club, Overseas Students Association, the Liberal Club and the Caving Club, have decided to enter candidates.

For details contact Pam Nicholson, Room 223, Burton Hall.

PHOTOS BY PAUL DICK



ROSEMARY SHERRIFF



PATRICIA WONG

# Dead Pet of the Week



Shortly after this photo was taken fluffy, the cat, was eaten. The large grizzly bear, Boris, lives in the El Dorado Zoo in New Mexico USA. Normally Boris is a well behaved creature. Matters took a different turn two weeks ago when fluffy, a ginger tom, squeezed through a small feeding slot in the bears enclosure. Boris initially ignored the cat and

allowed it to roam freely around the enclosure. However toward feeding time both cat and bear began to take an increased interest in each other. The interest Boris took in fluffy was understandable however animal experts were at a loss to explain the fascination the cat exhibited in the bear. "I just dunno" said Zoo Keeper Tom Harrold.

Unfortunately the zoo's animal kitchen was running late that day. As a result Boris had to wait two hours for his scheduled dinner. Ten minutes before dinner proper arrived a sudden puff of cat fur exploded out of Boris' enclosure. Fluffy's name tag was found a week later in a heap of bear dropping.

### Mad Harry's Computer Questions and Answers

Q. My computer says I should "press any key to continue", but I can't find a key called "ANY".

A. The reason you can't find the "ANY" key is because it is on the front of the computer and not on the keyboard. To make matters even more confusing it is often labelled "RESET".

Q. I think my computer has a virus. What should I do?

A. The first thing you should do is put on a pair of rubber gloves, this will ensure that you don't catch the virus or spread it to another computer. If you think you may have caught the virus from your computer see your doctor. Fill your bath with water and pour in a bottle of strong disinfectant. (If you don't have disinfectant try strong bleach.) Place your computer in the bath and make sure it is completely covered with water. You should leave it there for at least a day. If you need to use your computer in that time, DO NOT take it out of the bath, just plug it in and use it in the bath. Anything that has been in contact with your computer (including the keyboard, the mouse, printers, monitors, floppy disks, dust covers, tables, etc.) should be treated in the same way if you intend to use it again. If you don't, take them outside and burn them.

Q. I am editing a file on one disk when I need to look at a file on another disk. How do I do it?

A. Just bung the second disk in. With some drives you will need to really push the second disk to get it to go in. A third disk can be even harder.

Q. I am typing up a report but when it prints out the pages are in reverse order. How can I get them in the right order?

A. You should print on the back of the sheets of paper, then you can turn the pile upside down and they will be in the right order. To print on the back of each page, turn the wad of paper in the printer upside down.

Q. My computer is not doing what I want it to. How do I fix this?

A. Hit the computer. This will shake any loose chips and wires back into place.

Q. My computer is trying to take over the world. Help me please.

A. This sometimes happens with cheap computers that are made using inferior parts. Unplug it and take it back to the store for repair.

Q. My files are disappearing or damaged and the number "666" appears on the screen when I turn my computer on.

A. Your computer has been possessed by a demon that is stealing your files and sending them to hell. You should take your computer to a priest to be exorcised as soon as possible.



Nef  
378.947  
WOC

# ANU WOMEN'S SPACE Rapunzel Room

Located in the ground floor of the Crisp Building.  
24-hour access.  
Combination available from the Students Association secretary, and the Counselling Centre.  
All women welcome.



NATIONAL LIBRARY  
23 MAR 1999  
AUSTRALIA

**W**HAT IF Rapunzel liked being in her tower, and found peace and tranquility there? & What if it was a nice place, with pillows, endless tea and coffee, and the company of other women? & What if, all along, the hair was just a wig nailed to the floor, which they preferred to a ladder because it was more fun? & And what if they'd built the tower themselves, for the times when they just wanted a break from the world? &